THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1926.

Historical Society

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FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave. 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

WANTED—Live agent in each locality to handle high class line of Wallpapers—Paperhangers or merchants. Liberal commission. Prompt commission. Box 622.

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Very commodious and up-to-date brick house and lot situate South Napanee, good barn, hen house, best of water, beautiful garden and attractive surroundings. Hard and soft water in kitchen also bah room. 3-5 of an acre of land. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 25-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Northern part of lots 24 and 25, third concession of Township of Richmond, containing 67 acres. This is an ideal farm for market gardening or dairying, only 1½ miles from town. Large brick house, good barn stabling and other necessary buildings all in good state of repair, known as Vandebogart farm. Apply to SHERIFF VANDERVOORT, Court House, or MRS. WM. VANDEBOGART, on farm. 45-tf

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Clothes Tailored to Your Order
High in Quality And Low in Price
Suits for Men and Young Men $23.75
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C. WAITE, Manager.

MORE DIFFICULT TO ENFORCE THAN O.T.A.

Hon. W. F. Nickle, former provincial attorney-general in an interview with the Toronto Star, denounced the Ferguson proposals as more difficult to enforce than the Ontario Temperance Act, and his planned legislation as "intolerable and such as would create a resentment that would destroy any government suggesting it.

"If I felt as Mr. Ferguson does, I would come out boldly and stand or fall on the clear cut policy of government sale and get away from the political ambiguities of government control. I have studied the situation and I know of no province where there is anything like adequate government control. If Mr. Ferguson thinks the O.T.A. cannot be enforced—I do not agree with him as I stated in my letter of resignation—then let me tell him bluntly that his suggested law will be infinitely harder of enforcement.

"The O.T.A., I admit, is difficult to enforce, Mr. Ferguson's proposal, if it ever becomes law, will be impossible.

GOVERNMENT'S MISTAKE.

"The government's difficulties have arisen from their trying to compromise on the prevailing. The Moderation League shrewdly advised, takes the position that what the government proposes is not a cure for a condition of which it does not approve, but only a palliative.

"It is perfectly obvious that the officers of this organization have in mind the original outposts being taken as they would be in the case, to press for further concessions, banquet permits, wines with meals and other recognition of the so-called rights of the individual.

"Each day the discussion goes on the people's confusion has become more and more confirmed that the government made a mistake in not respecting the wish of the people as expressed in the plebiscites and permitted itself to become the defender of an indefensible and illogical policy."

CALL VANLUVEN—92.

For your coke. It's Solvay—the better coke.

Fleas Dispersed Workmen.

Fleas, millions of them, are holding up the installation of a heating plant in the sub-cellars of the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris. The plague appeared about a month ago when, after working for half an hour under the ground, a score of laborers came out with their faces and hands bleeding. Acetylene lamps and sulphur torches failed to exterminate the invaders and the municipal laboratories have been called in to provide a solution. Meanwhile, the laborers refuse to go down into the infested cellars, declaring that not only is their personal safety involved but they are unwilling to risk carrying the insects to their homes.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of John James Bush, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of John James Bush, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to deliver or send to T. B. German, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Almira Thompson, Administratrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims fully verified.

And further take notice that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Administratrix.
Dated this 5th day of November, 1926. 50-d

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of William J. Normile, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of William J. Normile, late of The Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Merchant, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Elizabeth Normile, Executrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Executrix.
Dated this 4th day of November, 1926. 50-d

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

Conservative of Frontenac-Lennox met in convention at Odessa, on Thursday last. Mr. A. M. Rankin was the candidate chosen to represent the party in the present election contest. Messrs. C. W. Hambly, C. J. Graham, J. S. Sebbitt, M. P. Graham and Dr. Munroe allowed their names to be before the convention. Messrs. J. P. Dorland and C. A. Wiseman were also nominated, but withdrew their names.

After several ballots the names of C. W. Hambly and A. M. Rankin remained, Mr. Rankin winning by a small majority.

The first item of business taken up was a letter from the Frontenac-Lennox Prohibition Union and signed by A. MacGregor and A. Wilson. It read as follows :

"We, the members of the Frontenac-Lennox Prohibition Union, desire to call your attention to the stand which we, as a prohibition organization, take and the manner in which we propose to conduct ourselves during the next election.

"As you are aware, we are a non-party organization, and our membership represent all shades of political opinion. Our object is simply and solely to see that this province enjoys the total prohibition of intoxicating liquor as a beverage purpose. We believe the O.T.A., though not perfect, is the best social legislation this province has ever enjoyed and we recall with pleasure that all parties in Ontario united in having it put on the statute book. It is our intention to do all in our power to the end that this law shall be maintained.

"The electors of this riding, whenever they have had the opportunity, have pronounced themselves as strongly opposed to any weakening of the O.T.A. Speaking for that large Prohibition majority we intend to use all our influence and power to see that only a member who supports the O.T.A. shall represent this riding in the Ontario House."

The resolution was received in silence and not even discussed or voted on.

There was considerable controversy over the question as to whether the candidate selected should be made to pledge himself to support the Ferguson policy. Following the reading of a letter from the Prohibition Union, Mr. J. M. Simpson, of Napanee, stated that he would move that the candidate selected pledge himself to support the policy of Premier Ferguson. The motion received a second but was lost despite the decision of the chairman.

Just before those nominated were called upon to speak, Dr. Stratton asked them to stand if they agreed to support the candidate chosen by the convention. Every man nominated stood and signified his acceptance.

The temperance supporters of the party are not at all satisfied with the result of the convention and an effort has been made to induce Mr. Nickle, of Kingston, to enter the fight as a dry Conservative. None but elected delegates were allowed into the hall, the balance of those present holding an overflow meeting in the basement hall, where Dr. Edwards addressed them.

ROBLIN.

Mr. Jas. Welsh shipped hogs on Monday, the price being $11.00 per hundred. About 135 select hogs were loaded.

The appearance of the village has been considerably improved by a cement walk running from north from T. Richmond's store to C. Hartin's store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McConnell, of Point Anne, were in the village on Sunday visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. S. Exley and children, of Napanee, spent the holidays with her mother, Mrs. A. McCutcheon.

Rev. J. R. Butler, who about twenty-nine and a half years ago was pastor of the Roblin Circuit, preached two eloquent anniversary sermons here on Sunday. The morning service was well attended, but the church was far too small to accommodate the people who came to hear him in the evening. A full choir led the singing and at the evening service a duet, very appreciated, quartette was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks and daughter Marie, and son Edward.

While driving home in his car on Sunday evening Mr. Peter Hart had a peculiar experience. When nearing Cook's Hill, a large owl was sitting in the road, and when it came within range of the headlights of the car it flew up and dashed itself against the windshield. The huge bird was stunned by the compact, and Mr. Hart stopping his car, and while in the act of backing up ran over the wing of the bird, badly crippling it. The big owl got out of the car and killed it. The owl was of a speckled variety and measured five feet from the tip of one wing to the other. It was a beautiful specimen.

The anniversary old fashioned tea which was held in the Orange Hall on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, of Roblin United Church, was a splendid success. An exceptionally large crowd was in attendance.

The many friends of Mr. D. Lasher will be pleased to learn that he is recovering nicely from his recent injuries.

Special evangelistic services are being held in the Holiness Movement Church.

AT VANLUVEN'S

You can get 2 tons of D. L. & W. hard coal, good clean coal, for $27.00.

W. E. RANEY CRITICIZES FERGUSON POLICY

Stating that there is no prohibition in Ontario of the importation of intoxicating liquors, the sale of which is not prohibited by the law of the Province, Hon. W. E. Raney told the Dundas Progressive convention at Winchester Springs, that as soon as Premier Ferguson's permit system "becomes effective it becomes ineffective."

"Mr. Ferguson," said he, "is proceeding on the assumption that the Ontario Legislature has jurisdiction to prevent the importation of liquor into this Province. But all the Legislation of both the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature right down to today has proceeded on the assumption that this Province has no such jurisdiction."

"Who will buy a permit if liquor can be freely imported?" he asked. "And if liquor can be freely imported, how can permits be used to discipline those who abuse them?"

"The moment," said he, "that Government sale of spirituous and malt liquors comes into effect and the moment that the sale of beer by the glass at tables in standard hotels goes into effect, that moment the Province will control of the sale of whiskey and wine and beer by permit passes. The O.T.A. is scrapped, this province will become the barroom of the neighboring American States.

During his speech Mr. Raney criticized severely the Minister of Health and Labor, Hon. Dr. Forbes Godfrey.

The convention pressed Mr. Raney to accept the nomination, but he declined, saying that intimate where he would run. Joseph Louden, of Dixon's Corners, later was chosen as candidate.

THE ELECTION ISSUE

Premier Ferguson's liquor policy is an issue in the present Ontario election that outweighs all other political and party considerations. We see this in the breach that has grown between him and his former Attorney General, W. F. Nickle, and we see it in the revolt now taking place in so many constituencies where Conservative leaders are joining forces with the Liberals to maintain temperance in Ontario.

It is true that prohibition was not a Liberal measure—(It was introduced by the Hearst government)—but once it became enacted into law, like duly the Liberal leader, as well as of the Liberals everywhere, was to accept it as a settled and fundamental Liberal principle that the will of the people is supreme. There is no Liberal element of opposition among Liberals upon this point. Upon this ground therefore, Liberals are supporting Mr. Sinclair in his fight against the Ferguson Government.

With regard to the merits of the Ontario Temperance Act, we have the record of ten years experience. Those who worked for it and voted for it, the leaders in political matters as well as the leaders in social, commercial and industrial affairs, are generally in agreement with respect to the benefits derived from the observance of the law.

If further evidence were needed, we have the emphatic statement of Ex-Attorney General, Hon. Mr. Nickle, that the difficulties of enforcement are not insuperable, but may reasonably be expected to succumb before the inevitable accumulation of law and general compliance with its provisions. Hon. Mr. Nickle was responsible to the temperance people of this province and there is very great significance in the stand he takes against the government's proposal to abandon the law and substitute for it government sale of liquor. He resigned the position of Attorney General rather than betray the trust the temperance people reposed in him. In doing so he declared that he did not wish to share in the disaster he believed would result under government control. He had on one side the evidence of conditions existing under the O.T.A., the removal of which he knew must certainly be followed by dire consequences as the liquor traffic once more engulfed its victims ; and on the other side he saw nothing but the plausible pictures held out by governments only to those with a craving for liquor, and he rejected it.

Every voter in the province of Ontario stands today in the same position faced by these two alternatives. The issue is not a question of party politics, but Mr. Sinclair is pledged to carry out the existing laws, and the temperance people, if they believe Hon. Mr. Nickle, must vote to retain the O.T.A. in preference to a liquor system about which we know nothing that is good.

The instability of Premier Ferguson, due to shifting from position to another is causing great uncertainty regarding the policy which plan the people are asked to endorse. Mr. Sinclair, on the other hand, leaves no doubt as to where he stands. He recently declared :

"This is not an election for Conservatives, Liberals, Progressives or anything else. We are standing for a principle. It is an election for the people. While our views as Liberals, Conservatives, Progressives or prohibitionists may differ on minor points, let us be united in the thought that it is necessary in the present situation to cast those minor differences aside and cooperate as a common body in the support of the principles we hold dear and which we believe are for the good of the whole province."

PROHIBITION CANDIDATE IN ADDINGTON

A convention of the Prohibition Union and Temperance workers convened at Tamworth, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 3rd. The convention was called to order by the president, Mr. Frank Anglin, of Sydenham. Rev. Mr. Thornley, M.A., offered prayer. Mr. Vanness, of Enterprise, was chosen chairman. The first report of the nominating committee was read and adopted. The Convention then proceeded to receive open nominations and the following names were presented : Mr. Frank Anglin, Sydenham ; Mrs. J. W. Wagar, Enterprise ; Rev. Thornley, Tamworth ; Mrs. E. Brawley, Sydenham ; Rev. A. S. Doggett, Harrowsmith ; Rev. C. W. Hollingsworth, Sydenham ; Mrs. Dr. Live, Sydenham ; Mr. G. Mellow, Enterprise ; Mr. J. G. Walker, Hartingdon ; Mr. Moss, Tamworth ; Mr. G. Freeman, Sydenham.

Each of the nominees were given the privilege to speak to the convention. Finally all the foregoing resigned with the exception of the president. It was moved by Mr. Brawley, seconded by Rev. Call, that a ballot be cast electing Mr. Frank Anglin to be the dry candidate in the new riding. This was carried unanimously by a standing vote of the convention.

A pledge for all candidates was presented by the secretary, Rev. A. S. Doggett. It is the official pledge of the prohibition union of Ontario. This was signed after the convention by Mr. F. Anglin and witnessed by Mr. G. Finlay of Newburgh and Mr. Eugene Goodberry of Verona. Its conditions are as follows : Candidates pledge :

To resist all attempts to weaken or repeal the Ontario Temperance Act. To oppose any measure that would legalize the sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. To ensure that the Ontario Temperance Act will be vigorously and efficiently enforced, by taking such measures as may be necessary to see that such enforcement is in the hands of persons wholly sympathetic towards the law, to meet in conference and heartily co-operate with all members of the legislature friendly to the Ontario Temperance Act is taking such measures as may be necessary to carry out the foregoing policy.

The candidate then addressed the convention. He stated that he had always been a temperance man and voted liquor out of his home and that he was sorry to have to break with the official Conservative party, but his convictions would not permit him to do otherwise. If elected to represent the riding on Dec. 1st, he would faithfully carry out any legislation that would benefit the farmers of Frontenac-Addington Riding.

Mr. Brawley, secretary of the prohibition union, gave a splendid address. He claimed that beer and liquors always debauched man, both young and old at all times. It would do so under government control.

A financial committee was organized, consisting of Mr. R. Finlay, Mr. R. C. Moss, Mr. J. E. Huffman, Mr. J. Storms, Sydenham.

Campaign committee : Mr. J. Walker, Hartington. Mr. Earl Campbell, Newburgh. Mr. Eugene Goodberry, Verona. Mr. Brawley, Sydenham.

There were about 500 delegates present. The number far exceeded the expectation of the executive.

A wonderful interest was manifest in the proceedings and it only trust that every man and woman that has a vote will register that vote in favor of Mr. F. Anglin.

F. E. VANLUVEN

We have hard wood, cut for your stove, also hard and soft wood slabs. Call 92.

Alberta.

Since its incorporation twenty-one years ago the Province of Alberta has increase in its population from less than 200,000 to 640,000. Its area in wheat has grown from 220,000 acres to 10,000,000 and the area in all crops has grown from 616,000 acres to 11,000,000 acres. The estimated value of agricultural products has grown from $20,000,000 to $256,000,000 and the dairy industry alone has grown from very small proportions to production value of more than $20,000,000 annually. Coal production has grown from less than 1,000,000 tons to 7,000,000. Industrial establishments have increased from 27 to over 2,000.

COMING :- EVENTS

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES AND Tea Meeting at Centreville, Monday, Nov. 15th. Good programme and plenty to eat.

AN ARMISTICE DAY TEA WILL be given by the L.O.D.E., in the club rooms of "D" Company, Frontenac Regiment, in the Armouries. Particulars later.

AN AT HOME WILL BE HELD IN the Parish Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 12th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Short play, cards and dancing. Admission 25c. 50-a

ON THURSDAY, NOV. 25th, E. J. Courneya will sell for Adam Matthews, on e hf. of lot 14, con 4, Tp. of Sheffield, span mares, 5 cows, 4 heifers, 5 yearlings, 4 calves, wagons, boggies, farm implements, oats in straw, hay, household goods, and other articles. Usual terms.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

A RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY CARRIED, WITH 400 DELEGATES PRESENT CONDEMNED FERGUSON LIQUOR POLICY.

On Wednesday evening the Young People's Convention of the Bay of Quinte Conference held its opening session.

The Convention was held in Trinity Church and was largely attended by young people from the United Churches in the territory lying between Toronto and Ottawa. For three days they met and discussed problems in connection with the young people in Ontario and Canada.

The first session found Trinity Church crowded to the doors. The President, Mr. R. H. Brown, of Port Hope, presided. The devotional exercises were in charge of the Young People of the Conference Church, and Trinity Church was in charge of this part of the programme. Mr. Limbert Graham, Mrs. Robertson and the Misses McKim took part.

Following the opening exercises, Mr. W. T. Mackenzie, of Napanee, officially welcomed the delegates on behalf of the Societies in the town and the town people generally, pointing out the advantageous position the town held for just such a gathering. Mr. R. H. Brown replied on behalf of the guests, and in a few well chosen words, expressed the thanks of the Committee of Arrangements.

The feature of the evening followed. It was in the nature of a debate between debating teams from Woodville and Bridge Street Church, Belleville. Within the Conference are five Presbyteries, and in each Presbytery elimination debates had been held, so that there emerged from close on to fifty debates the two winning teams. In one Presbytery alone the winning team had won its way against twenty-three other teams.

The question debated was "Resolved that organized labor is a greater menace to the state than organized capital." The affirmative was upheld by Bridge Street and the negative by Woodville. The judges were the three-president ministers of the United Churches in Napanee, and gave a verdict in favor of the negative.

Rev. A. J. Wilson, who brought in the report of the judges, commented on the high quality of the debaters, on the diversified character of the arguments, and the keen and thorough grasp of the subject which the speakers showed.

Mr. Leslie Perceval in opening the debate pointed out that labor as organized is a menace to the state because it is selfish in its motives, is comprised of the less progressive class of the community, and that it takes advantage of difficult positions in the life of the nation. In support this he adduced much evidence.

Miss Tompkins in reply very carefully defined her subject, admitted for the sake of argument that both capital and labor as organized is a menace, and then went on to show that capital was the greater menace. She quoted from authorities to show that the 100 per cent. which constituted the laboring classes were forced by organize for self defense.

Miss Black dealt principally with the strike, analyzing its effect on the community, and showed that it was the greatest menace the community has known.

Mr. Jamieson, in summing up the case for the negative, quoted from many recognized authorities to show that capital as organized has a disastrous effect on community.

While the judges were out the Grace Quartette gave a selection, "Come Unto Me." The meeting closed with the Benediction by Dr. Mallott.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The Convention opened at 9.30, with the President in the chair. Rev. A. J. Wilson had charge of the devotional exercises, and spoke briefly on the need for devotion, idealism and spiritual power in the Young People's Societies. He pointed out that we might have the best machine possible but if the power was off it would not produce. The same was true in church work. He thought the unrest of the present was a sign of hopefulness, for only it could emerge in a healthy dissatisfaction with present conditions.

Reports were then presented from the various Committees and adopted.

After the reports Rev. Manson Doyle addressed the Convention on Organization of the Young People's Work in the New United Church.

A discussion touching all the vital points in organization took place.

Committees were then appointed as follows :—

Nominating—Rev. W. P. Woodger, Napanee, Chairman ; Miss Verna Gray, Renfrew ; Miss Jessie Marlyer, Kingston ; Mr. G. H. Holton, Belleville ; Mr. Melville Hancock, Cobourg ; Mr. E. Graham, Lindsay.

Nominating—Rev. W. R. Tanton, Napanee, Chairman ; Mrs. Callow, Miss Mildred VanSickle, Renfrew ; Miss I. Mercer, Miss E. McQueen, Kingston ; Mr. G. H. Holton, Mr. Hulin, Belleville ; Miss Searle and Mr. E. H. Brown, Cobourg ; Mrs. Ingram and Miss Bertha Lapp, Lindsay.

After the devotional exercises in the afternoon the Resolutions Committee brought in the following resolution with respect to the present temperance situation, which was passed by a standing vote of the Convention :—

(Continued on page 2)

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

CALEB'S FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

Sunday, Nov. 14—Joshua 14: 6-15.

Golden Text—I wholly followed the Lord my God (Josh. 14:8).

Did you ever wait forty-five years for God to keep a promise? Many a child of God has done this.

"—Marian always remembers!"

"Ever since the Marshalls were our neighbours in Brooktown, Marian has never missed an opportunity of greeting me on my birthday. But to think that she would remember our Golden Wedding anniversary!"

"Yes, those thoughtful words over the telephone mean a great deal!"

"Indeed they do! As soon as I recognized her voice, I realized what it really means to be able to say that distance is no longer a barrier. It's wonderful to be alive in this age of marvels, when one can sit at home and chat with friends miles away!"

Long Distance is growing in favour day by day. For messages of congratulation and encouragement, there is nothing like the telephone. After all, your voice is you!

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Use Cash Discount Bonds And Save Money

On every cash purchase we give you Cash Discount Bonds—one cent bond on every 25c. you spend.

Your cash purchases entitle you to this discount, so take advantage of the opportunity to save money.

All you have to do is accept the Bonds due on your purchases and then spend them here the same as money.

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Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 61

T. M. GALBRAITH
B. A., M. D., C. M.
Cor. Dundas and West Streets
Specialty—Diseases of Children.
Office hours—Until 9 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. till 3 p.m. 7 till 9 p.m.
Telephone—279.

like George Mueller, of Bristol, England. Caleb was an old-time saint who did it, and did it cheerfully and unhesitatingly.

When he was forty years old he and Joshua were among the twelve spies sent by Moses to spy out the land of Canaan, while the Israelites were in the wilderness of Kadesh-barnea. They know what happened: ten of the spies lost their faith in God, became in their "own sight as grasshoppers," were terrified by the giants and other men of war in Canaan, and stampeded the Israelites into panicky fear. Caleb and Joshua alone trusted God, brought their minority report, and urged Israel to go up and possess the land that God had covenanted to them. The unbelieving cowards prevailed; Israel was condemned to wander in the wilderness forty years until that generation died off; but Caleb was promised portion of the land that he had claimed for God. (Num. 13: 14).

The years passed on; the little children of the unbelieving Israelites grew up and died off, and God brought the people under Joshua miraculously through the river Jordan, and victoriously against Jericho. And now, six years after taking Jericho, Caleb, at 85 years of age, reminds Joshua of the Lord's promise to him through Moses.

Caleb's life was itself a miracle of faith. Let us be humble. We have entitled this lesson, "Caleb's Faith Rewarded." For faith is the secret of faithfulness. We cannot be faithful to God unless we trust Him fully.

Caleb did so, and he could say with fire of young manhood in his eye: "And now, behold, the Lord has kept me alive, as He said these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses.....I am this day four-score and five years old. And yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war, both to go out and to come in."

By physical blessings given to Israel in Old Testament times, we are often taught of spiritual blessings covenanted to the church in this New Testament age of grace. A man of 85 today, trusting God, should have the spiritual strength that he had at 40; yes, even more than that, for the only normal Christian life is continually to be "changed.....from glory to glory." (II. Cor. 3: 18).

Are we living the life of fearlessness? Fear in the Christian dishonors God. The cowardly spies "made the heart of the people melt;" but "such faith," we could put "but" over against the melting fears of his fellows because he could say truthfully, "I wholly followed the Lord my God." He had full faith in God; therefore he could wholly follow God. Following is possible only by faith; "I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song" (Isa. 12: 2).

There were Anakins in the land that Caleb claimed. These were giants in the Bible record makes this plain, and there is corroborating evidence as well. The well-known church of England clergyman, Rev. J. Russell Howden, of Tunbridge Wells, England, writes in the Sunday School Times:

"Those were some of the giant peoples of Palestine. Most peoples have traditions with regard to giants existing in earlier times. And as there is no smoke without a fire, it is reasonable to suppose that these traditions represent some fact, whether we are able to understand that fact or not. In the Word of God there are several references to such races. They may be looked up in a concordance under the words Nephilim, Anakim, Rephaim and Horites. The giant peoples dwelt among the ordinary tribes of the Canaanites. On the whole the Old Testament references show that giant races to have gradually died out. The story is consistent with itself throughout, and there is no good reason for denying its veracity except the general unwillingness of men to accept anything which seems contrary to their own experience."

But, in the face of these giants, Caleb quietly said, "I shall be able to drive them out." That was not all he said; it was this: "If so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said." That "if so be" of Caleb did not mean doubt. It was only another way of saying "because the Lord will be with me." The Lord had promised; that settled it. In exactly the same faith the same Lord the Christian says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4: 13).

Caleb went in and did his part, showing his faith by his works, and, "Hebron, therefore, became the inheritance of Caleb.....because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." Promises are fulfilled when by Faith we Follow.

One last remarkable touch in this wonderful lesson. Arba, name of Hebron had been Kirjath-arba, because "Arba was a great man among the Anakims," in other words, a giant among giants. The Anakims were giants; Arba was greater than they; but Caleb's God was greater than Arba. Why not close our study of this lesson by dropping to our knees and telling our Lord what is the giant standing grants to us—our sins, our weakness and sin? Christ wants to give us complete victory over that giant today. He is able. Shall we trust Him?

The Smoke Nuisance.

Practical suggestions for the abatement of the coal-smoke nuisance in Leeds are contained in a booklet entitled "Clean Air for Leeds."

The committee expresses the belief that with a small effort on the part of the citizens in adopting its recommendations and by the use of a cheap smokeless fuel, combined with a firmer attitude towards defaulters on the part of the local authority, smoke in Leeds, if not entirely suppressed, might be reduced to an almost insignificant amount.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
tfc

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 1.)

O. T. A. RESOLUTION.

"We, the representatives of the Young People's Societies of the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada assembled at Napanee, representing twenty-two electoral constituencies of the Province of Ontario, do hereby place on record: First, our most earnest conviction that the present O. T. A., which is the most advanced temperance legislation this province has ever had, should be maintained, strengthened and enforced, and that we record our intense opposition to the Government control (sale) policy proposed by the Premier of the Province, as we are of the opinion that this policy has proved a failure in the provinces where it has been tried. Second, we do deeply resent the slander upon the younger people of today whom we claim to represent, and with whose habits and life we are therefore most familiar, that the Premier of this province has made when he speaks upon public platforms of the wholesale disrespect for the present law, and the carrying of hip flasks and the drinking of intoxicating liquor, which he claims is prevalent amongst the youth of today."

Dr. A. E. Armstrong, Associate Secretary of the Young People's Board of the Church, then addressed the Convention on the work of the Church in the foreign field. He showed the need of money, men and life, that the work of giving christianity to those of non-christian peoples be maintained.

The unrest of the foregin countries and particularly in China demanded, he said, that the christian people make greater sacrifices than ever, in order that the unrest be allayed and the true democratic forces directed into proper channels.

After the afternoon session in Trinity Church, supper was served to the delegates in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian church.

On Thursday evening the Young People's Convention met for worship, which was conducted by Rev. C. D. Daniels, after which the secretary read fraternal greetings from different Young People's Societies. Prof. W. Baird gave an organ selection in his usual brilliant manner, and Miss Ramsay, of Newburgh, rendered a vocal solo.

The speaker of the evening was Rev. A. E. Armstrong, of Toronto, whose topic was "The Overseas Task of the United Church."

FRIDAY MORNING.

The Conference went into Departmental groups to study the citizenship, fellowship, devotional, social and literary phases of young people's work. The leaders were Rev. Manson Doyle, E. Harston, C. Daniels, Mr. E. H. Brown and Miss Beatty.

After the departmental sessions the Conference listened to a very inspiring address from the Rev. C. W. DeMille, of Oshawa.

Luncheon was served at Grace Church and during the luncheon hour, each Presbytery in the Conference put on a stunt. The judges were Mr. Woodger and Mr. Tanton, and after a good deal of discussion the prize was awarded to the Kingston Presbytery.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

1.30-2.00—Worship led by Rev. Geo. A. Brown, B.A., B.D., President of Bay of Quinte Conference.

2.00-2.30—Reports of Presbytery Committees were given. Chief of these were the following:

(1) That we, as a conference, approve of the holding of a Y. P. National Council and request that it be held every four years.

(2) That we, as a Conference, are in favour of the holding of Christian Fellowship Conferences throughout the Presbyteries, and that we refer this matter to the new Conference Executive.

(3) That we, as a Conference, endorse the idea of publishing our own Pathfinder, as a National Y. P. Paper.

(4) That the Presbyteries arrange for three neutral judges at all debates held under Presbytery arrangement.

(5) That we gratefully accept the invitation extended to us to hold our next convention in Smith Falls and that this convention be held in the autumn of 1927.

These reports were accepted as resolutions and passed by the Conference.

2.30—Report of scrutineers in election of new executive was next received and the following officers are to guide the destiny of the Conference Y.P.S. for the ensuing year:

Hon. President—President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, Rev. Geo. A. Brown, Kingston.

Past President—Mr. E. H. Brown, Port Hope.

President—Mr G. H. Holton, Belleville.

Vice-President—Mr. W. T. McKenzie, Napanee.

Secretary—Mr. MacFarlane, Belleville.

Treasurer—Mr. J. R. Baird, Port Perry.

Convenors of Departments:

Christian Fellowship—Miss L. C. Beatty, Port Hope.

Missionary—Miss Florence Hall Coborne, R. R. 3.

Literary and Recreation—Miss Jessie McIvor, Kingston.

Citizenship—Rev. E. Harston, Woodville.

Jr. and Intermediate—Miss E. McQueen, Kingston.

Ex-Officio Members of Executive:

Conference Chairman of Religious Education—Rev. Roy Rickard, Albert College, Belleville.

Rev. C. D. Daniels—Cobourg Presbytery.

Mr. Graham—Lindsay Presbytery.

Mr. Hulin—Belleville Presbytery.

Mr. J .G. Cumming—Kingston Presbytery.

Mr. J. W. Dunlop—Renfrew Presbytery.

Mr. E. H. Brown, Past President, then called upon Mr. G. H. Holton, the new President, to come forward. In a few well chosen words Mr. Holton thanked the Y. P. for the honour conferred upon him and promised to do his best for the welfare of the Conference Y. P. S.

NO AUTOMOBILE NO MOVIES

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.

Can you conceive a motorless world producing any kind of a motion picture? Without motor cars there would be no motion pictures, for the two industries are just wrapped up in one another.

The automobile might merely take your favorite star to location, but again it might be the whole plot of the piece, as in a motor racing story.

You say "Give us a thrill", they reply—"Get us a motor car!" That's the usual answer. The race—when you grip the arms of the seat while your hero tears madly around curves and slyly dodges the villian. You know he must win—he always does—but nevertheless you get just as much thrill because he does it. The goal, ahead by the merest fraction of an inch! Then how would we get rid of unnecessary views and husbands and all more unnecessary villians, if we could not conveniently roll the cars over cliffs, or into canals? It is not only convenient—it is also a most thrilling denouncement. If I were a moving picture fan at the tense moments we get out of motors, you would find that almost every interesting situation in the films from the famous "flapper petting parties and the probable walk back" to "the hero's chase after the villian in the "flivver reel." Yes, we will hand it to the car when it comes to thrills.

There are many other uses for cars that are peculiar to the pictures. One huge truck had to carry a motor-generator for power down in Florida. This generator developed power sufficient for a city of ten thousand population, so you can imagine the size.

In the smaller cities and towns, however, the audiences are the real movie fans, the largely motoring folk. Look at any movie house in one of the smaller towns during a performance, and you will find adjacent streets any byways cluttered with cars. In fact government statistics found "rural towns," places with five thousand or fewer inhabitants, the movie house showing first-class films and living without the patronage of farmers and their families from the surrounding district. I have seen motorless cases in middle-western towns in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and other states, where the cars parked around the movie theatre during a performance were numerous enough to have brought in every person attending the show.

And what a blessing the movies have been to rural America. The farm family, which traditionally lives in isolation, content to make the interests of its own acres the motivation of its entire life, is now able to step from the narrow round of the humdrum into high life in European capitals, or the thrills of melodrama or any other phase of life that its nearest movie house chances to be presenting.

FALL PASTURING OF NEW SEEDINGS

(Experimental Farms Note).

During the months of September and October a great many inquiries are received by the Forage Crop Division of the Dominion Experimental Farm as to the advisability of pasturing new seedings of grass and clover. During a favorable growing season such new seedings, particularly red clover and alfalfa may attain sufficient growth to make excellent pasture. When winter feed promises to be scarce the temptation is great to take advantage of the new pastures thus provided, by turning the cattle on to it for a few weeks. During the early fall month such a practice may not result in serious damage to the resulting crop. Late fall pasturing, however, is almost always followed by a partial or even total failure of the succeeding year's crop. It is much safer to clip new seedings high with a mower early in the fall. They promise to be too rank in growth, rather than to take the hazard of pasturing. At this season of the year the safest policy is to leave new seedings alone.

The Kitchen God of China.

The Chinese have a festival of some kind almost every month. One of the most important is that of "the Kitchen god," which takes place on the 23rd day of the twelfth month of the year. Then all the family congregate in the kitchen to do honor to the kitchen god, whose image is pasted on the chimney, for that night he is supposed to go to Heaven "to report on the conduct of the members of the household during the past year." To show that he must report only their sweetness, the head of the family smears the lips of the image with molasses! After this they burn the image with great ceremony, and it is believed that the god ascends with the smoke. A week later the family again assemble to welcome his return. And great rejoicing and the popping of many firecrackers, they put up a new image.

Destroyed by Rust.

It is reckoned that for the last forty years approximately 21 million tons of pig iron have been destroyed annually by rust. This amounts to nearly one-half of the yearly output of the furnaces of the world.

Vegetarian Heart Beats.

The heart of a vegetarian beats, on an average, fifty-eight times in a minute; that of a meat eater, seventy-five times.

Rev. Geo. A. Brown then conducted a very impressive induction service for the new officers, charging them to remember the trust placed in them by electing them to their respective positions. The singing of a consecration hymn, followed by the benediction brought to a close the second convention of the Bay of Quinte Y.P.S.

Here and There

Lethbridge—Ready made irrigated district has surely broken all wheat records with a yield of 72 bushels of Turkey Red winter wheat to the acre on a 37 acre field. This unusual feat was achieved on the farm of Armour and Brimble.

Honey from Ontario, in competition with exhibits from all parts of the world, was awarded first and second prizes at the British Dairy Show held recently in London, England, according to a cable received by the Ontario Honey Producers' Cooperative Ltd.

Vancouver.—A giant merger of timber interests in British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, involving $400,000,000 of capital, is likely to be eventuate from plans now under way, according to "The Daily Province." Several of the British Columbia mills—a quarter or a third of the whole—are said to be favorably inclined to the amalgamation.

Montreal.—Despite the lateness of the season new immigration to Canada continues at quite an active rate. Week-end arrivals of the Canadian Pacific Steamships "Montnairn," "Montcalm" and "Minnedosa" discharged approximately 1,250 third class passengers to be added to Canada's population. Among the new arrivals was the first contingent of British youth to come out to Alberta under the extension of the Hoadley scheme.

Manitoba's tourist traffic for the 1926 season left over $7,000,000 in the province, according to the Winnipeg Tourist and Convention Bureau. From the United States a total of 105,710 visitors came into the province of which number 75,012 stayed for a day while 30,998 remained for a longer time. The average stay of the latter was 3½ days. The increase of cars entering the province over those of the previous year was approximately 45 per cent.

In order that a more intimate knowledge of the Canadian Pacific Railway shipping terminals in the vicinity of Montreal might be gained, over 150 traffic representatives of the various industrial concerns in the district were the guests of the C.P.R. in a recent tour of the various terminals. West Montreal, Adirondack Junction, Mile End, East End cattle markets, Angus Shops, Hochelaga and Place Viger were among the terminals inspected by the manufacturers.

The S.S. "Emperor of Port McNicoll" now undergoing overhauling at the Vicker's Yards in Montreal, will be re-named the "Nootka" and placed in the British Columbia Coastal Service, according to C. D. Neroutsos, assistant manager of the Service. The vessel will sail for St. John's, Newfoundland, and thence to Sydney, C.B., where she is to load with 2,500 tons of steel and proceed to Vancouver via the Panama Canal. This will be the first trip of the "Nootka" under Canadian Pacific ownership.

An optimistic forecast for the future of Poland was made recently by Gerrard Hyna, representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Lemberg, Poland, who was interviewed in Montreal recently after completing an extensive tour of the Dominion and part of the western United States. Mr. Hyna stated that he was inpressed with the evident prosperity of the British immigrant settlers he had visited near Edmonton. The acute problem in Poland today was over-population, informed the European representative.

"To take an extreme case of Cubist art and attempt to force it on the public against their will and intelligence, is folly," declared Leonard Richmond, R.B.A., well-known international painter, in an interview at the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal recently. Mr. Richmond is beginning a lecture tour of a number of Michigan and Illinois cities. He stated that he is aiming to show that all modern art, even in its most apparently unintelligible forms, is a legitimate development from all that has gone before.

MILES OF NEWSPAPERS.

British Museum Entitled to Copy of Every Book and Paper Published.

A century ago there were only 120,000 volumes in the library of the British Museum; in 1896 there were one and three-quarter millions, while to-day the number is over two and a half millions.

In addition, more than a quarter of a million single copies of newspapers are received by the library every year. Already the all two and a half miles of presses, so that some years ago a piece of land had to be bought at Hendon on which a building has been erected solely for the storage of newspapers.

By the Copyright Act of 1842 the Museum is entitled to one copy of every book, newspaper, or document printed in the Kingdom.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford is also crowded for room, whilst at Cambridge $2,500,000 is to be spent on an immense new library which will be built in what is called "The Backs."

The Human Skin.

The skin of the human palm is seventy-six times as thick as that of the eyelid.

THE FIRST "POLICY"

Insurance Is Nearly Three Thousand Years Old.

Those people who think of insurance as an entirely modern development must have been rather surprised when Lloyd's acquired a photograph of a policy dated 1584. The foundations of modern actuarial methods appear to have been established pretty firmly. According to the "Gentlemen of political economy": "The value of the risk, either from fire, or from loss by sea, or by capture, though it cannot, perhaps, be calculated very exactly, admits, however, of such a gross estimation as renders it, in some degree, reducible to strict rule and method."

Corruption of Words.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," is a common enough expression; yet it is doubtful if you could make a pig-skin garse out of a sow's ear, let alone a silk one.

As a matter of fact there is no connection between any sort of purse and a sow's ear, for "sow's ear" is a corruption of the French word "Soucier"—a purse; a cheap sort of network bag in which the French peasant keeps his money. The expression now has a perfectly obvious meaning.

On the south side of the Thames there is the district known as the "Elephant and Castle." This place has nothing to do with castles and less to do with the elephants.

If you say "Infanta of Castile" and then "Elephant and Castle" you will realize how the former could easily become changed into the latter.

England had many negotiations with Castile, Spain, in the sixteenth century, and it is probably that special part of London was so named as a compliment to the Infanta.

Earth Floor for Bridges.

An interesting use of earth on the Liberty Ranch, California, is that of an earth wearing surface on bridges. Two such bridges were built with heavy stringers placed to carry the load and with two-by-four flooring spaced one-half inch in the clear. This flooring was then covered with heavy roofing paper with about four inches of earth on top.

After nine years of use, the two bridges are in very good condition, some trouble being experienced with the mud sills on one bridge, and on the other, the heavy trucking last fall took out about two square feet of earth and roofing paper. The flooring thus disclosed, and also inspection from the under side, showed it to be in perfect condition with no signs of deterioration or rotting. Repairing damage done will be far easier and cheaper than could be expected in the usual farm bridge of like age.

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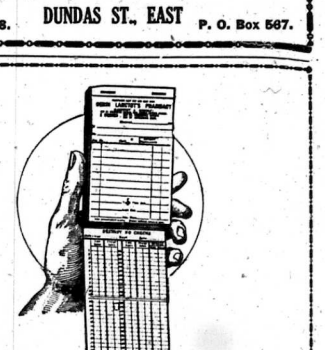

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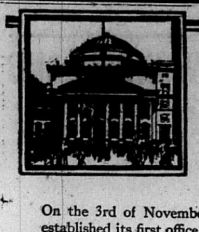
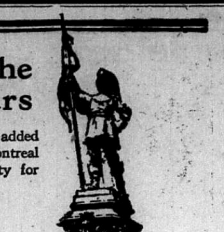


Each of the 109 Years

of its business life has added to the Bank of Montreal strength and capacity for financial service.

On the 3rd of November, 1817, the Bank established its first office.

At this, the beginning of its 110th business year, the Bank, through the medium of over 600 offices located throughout Canada and Newfoundland, in Great Britain, France, the United States and Mexico, offers unexcelled facilities in all departments of domestic and foreign banking.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Total Assets in excess of $750,000,000

Over Niagara In a Barrel

By JAMES SIMONS

Copyright, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.

It was very foolish of me to have wagered that I would go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. I can see that now, but at the time I was obsessed with my determination to win the wager.

I remember every detail of the start perfectly. The banks were crowded with spectators. There was an aeroplane flying to and fro overhead; and what worried me most was the roar of the water, and my principal's persistent injunctions to "keep still."

"Keep still?" I was shivering with fear, and trying to put a bold face on it, but I was certainly still enough as he strapped me into the barrel to prevent my rolling.

Odd how I recall that barrel. It had a seat in it, with a soft plush bottom, but it was so small that my head was most uncomfortably strained back. My principal had put some sort of gag in my mouth, because he said that there was danger of my biting my tongue.

I supposed the truth to be that he was nervous. I can't blame him for that. It was the most foolhardy thing that had ever been attempted. The spectators were absolutely silent as I was pitched into the water over the falls.

The lid of the barrel had been clamped on, and I was in pitch darkness. There was a musty smell in my nostrils, and, rather curiously, the sensation was at first one of exhilaration, as if I were flying rather than consigning myself to the turbulent, racing waters.

"He's off!" I heard those words distinctly, as if every one of the spectators lining the shores had shouted in unison. I heard their cheers come through my barrel. Then I was borne away upon the rushing river.

I confess that then, for the first time, I fully realized the foolhardy nature of the job that I had undertaken. It was simply suicide. No man could go over that cataract of boiling water and live. I resigned myself to death.

I wanted to die in a less constrained position. That was my principal thought. I tried to free my head, but I had been strapped as tightly as if in a vise. I could only wait.

The roaring of the stream grew louder. The waves buffeted me about, from one side to the other. And ever the stream grew swifter. Round and round I revolved, dizzy, half-stupefied, and still more rapidly I sped toward the brink.

Now I heard the furious thunder of the cataract. I seemed to be poised for an instant upon the edge of it. Then—I was tumbling, tumbling into oblivion.

But that terrific fall seemed to last a thousand years. Down I plunged, down, down, toward a bottomless depth that always receded as I approached it. The roar of water about me was like thunder. I tried to scream, but my voice was as inaudible as that of a flittermouse in that shouting of the elements.

I reached the bottom. Faintly my swimming senses told me that I had survived the fall—but only to perish in the whirlpool beneath. For now the barrel in which I was confined was spinning round and round with inconceivable velocity, and I spun with it like a tectotum. My brain seemed about to burst from its containing skull. My eyes were protruding from their sockets.

And now again the distant shouts of the spectators reached my ears and seemed to blend into a single phrase:

"It's all over!"

It seemed all over. The top burst from the barrel. Daylight streamed in, smothered by tons of boiling water that filled the barrel in an instant. It sank like stone. I flung out my arms, gripping at empty air. I gasped, took in a deep lungful of air as my head went under.

This was the end. My staring eyes looked up through a million tons of water. The pressure was terrific. I was no longer in the barrel, but, straining back, struggled in a dimly conscious way to reach the surface. My face struck a black rock, and it seemed that all my teeth were shattered against the jawbone. One last effort—one hopeless fight for life. I threw my arms forward with all my strength—and reached the surface.

"Ouch!" said a voice beside me.

I opened my eyes again. The scene was now strangely familiar, and yet utterly different. Slowly the four walls of a room disclosed themselves to my gaze.

"Ouch!" said a voice again. "You sure have got a punch like a mule's kick, brother! I guess the next time you want a tooth extracted we'll have to put you under prussic acid!"

Green Belt for Paris.

A bill is at present before the French Parliament for doing away with the forts of the second line of Paris. A tremendous extent of land will be free when the bill is passed, and already steps have been taken to prevent its conversion into unsatisfactory building sites. The aim will be to transform the land into a green belt around the city and to make it a reservoir of fresh air. It is proposed to create parks, recreation grounds, and a boulevard which, it is hoped, will be considered the finest promenade in the world.

Are Fat Men Lazy.

"Old maids," tall, slim men, and short men are the best workers, according to one expert, who places widows and large fat men at the other end of the scale.

Geraniums Old Favorites.

All the geraniums that are so popular in this country, the show, fancy, ivy leaf, tricolor, zonal, etc. are botanically known as pelargoniums, but the name geranium is so firmly and popularly associated with this favorite bedding plant that it would be absurd to call it any other. Within the last 30 years an important improvement has taken place in the habit, color and form of the flower.

The earliest double ones were a curiosity when they first came out, but were so double that they were of little use, and now a form called semi-double has entirely displaced them. The semi-doubles have one advantage, as their petals are not knocked off by a rain storm.—Indianapolis News.

Arriving

New Iceberg Lettuce
Sweet Potatoes
Celery Hearts
Cranberries
Spanish Onions
Oranges
Grape Fruit
Lemons, Etc.

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

The Better Part

By MURIEL LEE

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Love and charity had played important parts in the career of Mark Wallace, and he had entered into the sentiments of the same with earnestness and faith. Upon only one woman had he bestowed the fervor of a steadfast affection, had basked in the sunlight of her smiles for a brief period, and then she had flitted like some beautiful bird and he was left desolate.

Esther Wayne had been very friendly to Wallace, and had he been of a more venturesome nature he might never have lost her. Unexpectedly Miss Wayne had become heiress to a fortune. It took her away for a month, settling up an estate, in the meantime extravagant stories of her wealth came to the ears of Wallace. She and her young brother, Sidney, were to return and build a fifty thousand dollar mansion, rumor said. It placed the Waynes on a pedestal of social and moneyed prestige that fairly daunted Wallace. He was poor, obscure—how could he ever hope to win this rare paragon of beauty and fortune. He decided that it would be best for his peace of mind to go away and try to forget her.

This in fact he never did, but he was somewhat buoyed up by his success in securing a position in the city at three times his former country town salary. He made steadfast progress and this was well, for it took his mind away from sorrow and despair. He settled down to a quiet, steady going life and sought in kindly deeds a compensation for the loss of love.

If he had only known it, Esther Wayne had come back to her native town hoping to find him there, and disappointed and more than that when she learned that he had left the place permanently. It was natural that she should decide that he had never cared for her outside of casual acquaintanceship. For a long time Esther cherished her own dream of affection, then sought to banish its memories and married a man, Hale Danvers, who sought her only for her fortune, dissipated nearly half of it and left her a widow at the end of a year.

Esther had gone through an experience that ages the soul, and the old home and old friends too had grown distasteful to her. She removed to the city where Sidney, then only ten years of age, could receive the benefits of a superior education. They made their home with a family who accommodated a few convex boarders. The head of the family, at table one evening, made a remark that suddenly opened the flood gates of memory with Esther in a strangely acute way.

"I've got the happiest man in the world for my boss, they tell me," spoke the young man. "He is the manager of our firm and I heard his history today. He has been with the house for five years and his name is Mark Wallace."

Esther was startled and a flutter of emotion crossed her face, but she was unobserved by those present. She was eager to hear more.

"He's the friend of everybody in the establishment and jolly as can be—always a word of cheer from the old bachelor, as they call him. One of the fellows at one desk told me that Mr. Wallace was disappointed in love years ago, and that he has never looked at a woman since his first love disappointed him. I just tell you this because he doesn't act like the forlorn pining lover with a broken heart. He just pulled himself together and sought a new line of interest—being good to others. They say that from the first day he came to the store he faithfully put aside exactly half of his earnings. Every Saturday night he starts out to spend this surplus, dresses up in the most commonplace way, goes down into the slums and hunts for poor families in trouble, neglected children, the sick, the weak, the unfortunate. Make a system and a business of it. He has compensated for the loss of the love of one woman by cherishing that of the whole world."

Esther managed to see Wallace several times during the next month, but always at a distance. He had improved with the years. The beneficent expression of his calm, yet pleasant face told of an unselfish and a sacrificing soul.

There opened up no way that brought them together, although Esther looked for that welcome materialization. Then her constant thoughts of Wallace were broken in upon by an occurrence that distracted her. Sidney Wayne did not return from school one day, and no trace could be secured of him. The police were satisfied that a band of city ruffians had abducted and were holding him in captivity to force his wealthy sister to ransom him.

Esther was heartsick with anxiety and dread. She was mourning over the new trouble that had come to her, when one afternoon she heard welcome tones in the hall below her room and she rushed down stairs to fold her lost brother in her loving arms.

And with him was Mark Wallace, and soon Esther knew that through his acquaintance with the poor and lowly there had eventuated a clew to the whereabouts of the kidnaped boy.

"I have always shared my love with you, Wallace," confessed Esther a month later when reunion had brought a mutual happy understanding. "Let me now share your life of good deeds, and hand in hand, and soul to soul forget the mistakes of the past."

STARS TO BROADCAST TIME.

Wireless Will Be Able to Let Us Know When a "Star Is "Soothing."

Who would have thought that wireless would ever be able to let us know the precise moment when a star was "soothing"—that is, crossing the meridian? Yet the thing has been made possible by the genius of a professor.

The star's light is converted into electric waves; special valves and valve amplifier are used for the magnification and sufficient energy is produced to work a relay, and a dot is made on the paper as the star reaches the meridian. The conversation of the star's light into electric waves is accomplished by means of a photo-electric cell at the eyepiece end of the telescope.

A sound could thus be made by the star at the psychological moment and transmitted to listeners, who could be advised beforehand that the "click" they would hear would not be an "atmospheric" but the meridian passage of the Dog Star, or Vega, or Arcturus, as the case might be.

This invention will enable astronomers to keep their observatory clocks and chronometers with greater accuracy than ever.

There is all-important to the working astronomer, and this he gets from the sun by day and the stars by night. If his clock, at any given moment, does not show exact time, the difference is known as the correction, and it is essential to find by observing the passage of a star (or the sun) across the meridian. The time the star should be on the meridian any given night is known to him, and he is thus able to find how much his clock is out.

Where the difficulty arises is in ascertaining the exact moment when the star does cross the meridian. If, for example, the astronomer has to take a star's precise moment, he often taps it just a little too early, or just a little too late.

Funny Food Fads.

Some of the queerest foods used in the culinary art are to be bought in a little shop within a minute's walk of Piccadilly Circus, London, England. Just now the edible nests of a species of Chinese swallow are in demand. The price is ten shillings an ounce; the nests, which are regarded by epicures as a great delicacy for savouring, look curiously like the dried petals of water lilies.

Slugs taken from the sea round the coast of Korea are another delicacy, while shark fins and small sparrow-like birds that feed exclusively on rice are prominent in the stock of this remarkable shop.

Yaghourt, dried sour milk made only in Bulgaria, is coming into favor again; it is regarded as an aid to beauty, and is in great demand for this purpose at the present time. Another little-known article of diet obtainable at this shop is pickled cocks' combs. Tinned hump of buffalo, too, is relished by many of those who have had the courage to taste it.

Loving Plotters

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

The mother of Morton Dale entered his office, peered into his private room, found it vacant and turned her gaze upon his stenographer, Irene Blandon, with some wonderment. The latter, a handkerchief to her eyes and sobbing low, had not noticed her appearance. The sheet of paper on her typewriter bore evidence of tears.

"Why, Miss Blandon!" spoke the visitor gently, "whatever is the trouble? You are crying."

Irene lifted a woeful face to the lady. "I couldn't help it," she spoke. "You must know how things are here and I am so sorry for Mr. Dale."

"Perhaps I do not entirely know how things are here, dear," said Mrs. Dale. "Of course Morton has told me of his misfortune in trusting a client with half his capital and the man investing it unfortunately and no chance of recovering it. But Morton is young, bright and honorable, the world is all before him and it has greatly distressed me to see how hard he has taken it."

"Mr. Dale was under a severe strain before that came," announced Irene. "He put through a very creditable deal and counted on expanding his business when this loss came along. Oh, Mrs. Dale! can you not induce him to seek and find what alone can save him—an entire abandonment of business cares for a spell? He is not ill, but mentally depressed. He has lost his nerve, as the men say, change say, and he gets gloomier and more discouraged every day. Perhaps you wonder at my feeling over him, but I owe to the city knowing me truly and if I were his own sister he could not have been more kind and helpful to me. Every time I write to the family at home, I am sure they bless him for the interest he has taken in me and the good position he has given me."

"You are a sweet, dear girl," said Mrs. Dale, her own eyes dimming. "Tell me what you think we had ought to do to win him from his apathy and gloom."

"He must give up business for a time, that is sure," answered sensible, practical Irene. He has a fine, sensitive nature and he is getting thin and tired all of the time. He needs building up, and oh! if he would only consent to do down to Waltham, where I came from, and let mother and the folks look after him and thinks of nothing but rest and recreation, he would surely come back with renewed health and courage."

The sincerity and earnestness of the young girl charmed the anxious mother. From the suggestion Irene made grew definite plans. Morton Dale agreed to them, though with little interest in them, it seemed, and one day left for a quaintly situated farm in the country. It was not until he got away from the turmoil and grime of the city and the train glided along past fresh vernal scenes and the flowers perfumed the same in invigorating at the open car window, that his perturbed mind began to calm down. In a gentle, politic way those two loving plotters had spent a week in winning him to their suggestion. Now, feeling how reliably Irene would attend to his interests and recalling that she was sacrificing her own vacation visit to the folks at home for his sake, a tenderness for gratitude expanded his soul, temporarily clouded by his own selfish and exaggerated worries.

"She is like my mother—all gold!" Morton told himself, and when he arrived at Waltham he soon decided that there were others, too, of the homespun, but heartsome Blandon family who were eligibles to be quoted in the same precious metal category.

Irene's assistance were in evidence accompanying a seat in the roomy old sitting room, pictures of health and jolliness. The brother, a big-hearted fellow, always joking and laughing, hailed Morton as an old friend. When they reached the pleasant old-fashioned farmhouse Mrs. Blandon welcomed their guest as an own son. The guest partook of the most enjoyable meal of weeks and slept with a smile on his lips, as through his dreaming fancies ran shadowy echoes of some joke Wilfred Blandon narrated, or a fugitive thought of the brave little helper he had left in charge of his business craft came to his mind.

Bluff, hearty Wilfred put himself out to bring a more cheerful state of feeling to the invalid, and was abetted by trusty accomplices. He even had the scale at the general store manipulated, so that whenever Morton came in to get weighed he was found to be gaining nearly a pound daily! One day some ruffians attacked a farmer on his way home with considerable money. Morton dispersed them in a way that won from the rescued victim admiring commendation for his spryness and strength.

At the end of a month, completely renovated, Morton Dale came home, the picture of jolly good health. He listened with glowing eyes as his mother recited how Irene had not only cared for the old business, but had secured considerable new, and through her labors there was a hope of getting back some of the lost capital.

"I can never repay all she has done for me," spoke Morton gratefully. "Why has she taken such an interest in my affairs, mother?"

"Why?" replied Mrs. Dale promptly. "Ask her, Morton, and she will blush, and blushes mean love, you know."

"Then I shall try the experiment at once!" cried Morton hopefully.

The Fiber of the Hemp.

The hemp or sisal plant, which has been introduced into Florida and thrives on the coral keys, produces leaves fit for cutting in three years and lives 15, needs little care, but must not have any shade.

FOOTBALL AS A BUSINESS.

Stadiums In United States Cost Millions of Dollars.

Seating capacity in the stadiums of the Western Conference of Colleges and Universities has been increased by some 50,000 for the football season. It was already large, but now it provides accommodations for 520,000 spectators. At an average price of $2 a seat that would mean a total income of $1,040,000 for each Saturday, or the respectable total of $9,360,000 for a season of six weeks, if all seats were occupied every week.

The smallest stadium in the conference is that at Indiana, which has a capacity of 21,742. The largest is at Ohio, where there are 65,064 regular seats and 20,000 more "overflow" sittings. The Ohio stadium represents an investment of $1,800,000, a figure which will soon be equalled by the investment at Illinois, although there is seating capacity there for only 55,000.

Northwestern's new stadium cost $1,000,000. A new $500,000 plant is being constructed at Iowa, and Michigan will build a new one next year. The present investment value of all the Big Ten fields is estimated at $6,820,000; plans already drafted call for spending $3,500,000 more.

What is going on in the Big Ten schools is going on almost everywhere else. Missouri is opening a new plant; Nebraska opened one last year. The amazing growth in drawing power of football, East, West, North and South, has started a general scramble for increased seating capacity.

These enormous investments—made, of course, in expectation of box office revenue and operating profit—make the suits said to have been paid to "Red" Grange for turning professional seem puny.—New York Sun.

McINTOSH BROS.

Specials This Week

Girl's Warm Winter Coats

Mostly Samples

A lot of Girls' Winter Coats, specially procured to appeal to every pocket book. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Priced from..... $4.95 TO $10.50

Children's Coats

Lined with Flannelette, in Blue or Sand, sizes 2 to 5 years. Specially priced from..... $3.95

Boys' Winter Overcoats

Heavy Checked, back natural, made with Raglan shoulders, and Solid Leather Buttons. Sizes 4 to 6 years. Each..... $6.95

Girls' Flannel Dresses

In a nice assortment of shades and styles, with Bloomers to match, sizes 3 to 7 years. Priced at each..... $3.50

Little Boys' 2-piece Pyjamas

Just like Dad's, made of Yama Flannelette that wears and washes well. Sizes from 6 to 14 years. Priced at per Suit..... $1.95

Boys' and Girls' Worsted Hose

In ribbed weave and heavy weight, in Black only. Regular 75c. quality. Our price for sizes 7 to 10, per pair..... .50

McINTOSH BROS.

W. H. KER, Manager - Napanee Branch

HAS TWO LEGAL HUSBANDS.

This is Implication of Mrs. Andrew McNair's Case in Calgary.

That a woman legally may have two husbands at the one time is the implication in a decision handed down recently by Mr. Justice Ives of the Supreme Court of Alberta, but this duality can only exist under certain circumstances, such as those obtaining in the case of Mrs. Andrew H. McNair, whose case was before the Alberta court. Mrs. Edith Isabel McNair got a divorce from her husband, a Canadian citizen and resident, in the state of Oregon and remarried there. McNair subsequently applied to the Alberta courts for a divorce and obtained an order to [illegible], the judge holding that Mrs. McNair's Oregon divorce was not to be recognized by the Alberta courts. At the same time Mrs. McNair's second marriage was quite legal in Oregon, so that at the one time she had one husband recognized by the American courts and another recognized by the Canadian courts.

Here are the circumstances:

An American divorce in order to be a valid and binding must be granted by a court having jurisdiction, that is a court in the domicile of the parties, and mere residence in any one of the States of the union for a required time does not in itself constitute domicile. This is the important effect of a judgment handed down by Mr. Justice Ives.

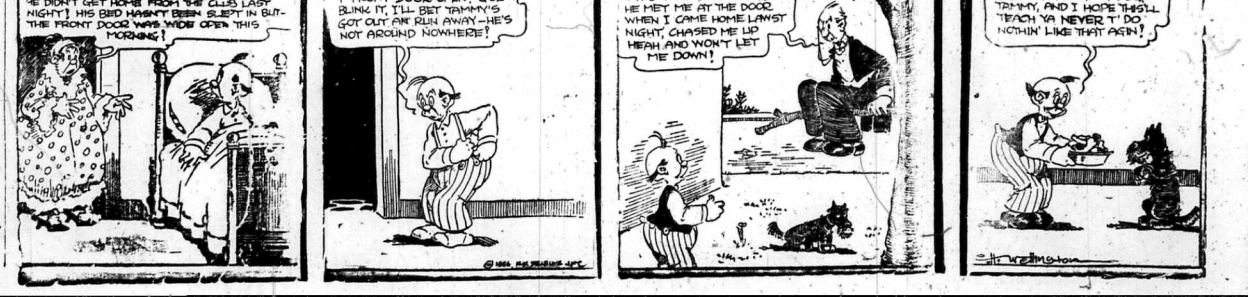
The judgment practically settles the question that divorces obtained by persons of Canadian domicile in American States have no effect in Canada.

The husband on hearing of her re-marriage commenced suit for divorce in Alberta and the trial came on for hearing some months ago. At the conclusion of the evidence judgment was reserved by the trial judge on the question as to whether the wife, having apparently complied with the laws of the State of Oregon as to residence and obtained a divorce there, was in a position to contract a legal marriage with her second husband.

Argument and authorities were submitted by counsel for the plaintiff husband, that the State of Oregon, not being the matrimonial domicile of the married pair, the courts of that State had no jurisdiction according to British laws to dissolve the marriage and that the wife's American divorce, even though valid in that State, could have no effect insofar as the courts of this Province are concerned, and that the husband was accordingly entitled to the dissolution of his marriage on his action taken in this Province.

The trial judge granted a decree nisi dissolving the marriage, to become absolute in three months, and granted the custody of the one child to the plaintiff husband.

Pa's Son-in-Law


OH PA, I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT CEDRIC! HE DIDN'T GET HOME FROM THE CLUB LAST NIGHT! HIS BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN AT ALL—THE FRONT DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN THIS MORNING!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW
F-FRONT DOOR OPEN? GOL-BLINK IT, I'LL BET TAMMY'S GOT OUT AN' RUN AWAY—HE'S NOT AROUND NOWHERE!
I-I'M'S YOUR BALLY DOG! HE MET ME AT THE DOOR WHEN I CAME HOME LAWST NIGHT, CHASSED ME UP HEAH AN' WON'T LET ME DOWN!
YOUSE A NAUGHTY DOG, TAMMY, AND I HOPE THIS'LL TEACH YA NEVER T' DO NOTHIN' LIKE THAT AGIN!
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Companion Range

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Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

Agents for all classes of Insurance,

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Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

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Authorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Everready Radio Batteries ; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates gladly given.

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there place the most enduring the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument of imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

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Thanksgiving Day !
The family reunion.
The big, turkey dinner.

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We specialize in window glass, also automobile wind-shield and body glass, cut to size. Come in and see the celebrated Ce-lo glass especially recommended for poultry houses and out-buildings, at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MOSCOW.

The Hallowe'en party held under the auspices of the Women's Institute at the home of Mrs. A. Asselstine, was a great success despite the rainy weather and bad roads. Mrs. Asselstine had her home beautifully decorated for the occasion and a pleasing program of piano and violin music enlivened the proceedings and made the evening go all too quickly. The judges had a serious problem in deciding on the best costumes, as there were so many excellent ones, but the prizes were awarded to Mrs. H. Huffman, Mrs. John Bell and Mr. Storms of Wilton. Mrs. M. L. Huffman was a splendid imitation of Flapper Fanny ; Mrs. Bell a very realistic weeping widow, while Mr. Storms provoked roars of laughter as an Irish woman. Plentiful refreshments of pumpkin pie, cake, sandwiches, coffee and candy were served.

A number attended the Conservative convention at Sharbot Lake on Monday last.

Major A. M. Bell, of Burwash, called on friends here on Sunday last.

All are glad that Elwood Fisher is recovering from injuries to his hands in an auto accident and that Wm. Huffman is able to be around since his shooting accident while duck hunting.

Mrs. A. E. Huffman attended the W.A. convention in Ottawa last week.

Mr. Milo Huffman is able to be about again after his recent illness.

Father and Son Fight Side by Side

Roy is a handsome lad of fifteen, who is very proud of a new set of head phones some friend sent to him. Now he can hear as far as Boston on his radio. The 'phones are right in his cot, where he rests most of the time. You see, Roy is in the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives and is by no means as well as he looks, although he says he is getting along fine. He can visit his Dad, too, which is another piece of comfort to him.

Dad is in the same institution, also making the never ceasing struggle against the fell disease. So often it is "strips more than one in a family. Both are really making good progress, however, the complete rest, the discipline and the care of kindly nurses and doctors are having their usual good effect in this efficient institution.

The Muskoka Hospital is urgently in need of funds. What can you spare to help ?

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. Charlton, President, 23 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Never Sell Grain on a Dull Market

IT DOES not always pay to sell grain as soon as the threshing is finished. If you have a good crop and the market is depressed see the local manager of the Standard Bank and arrange a loan until a more favorable situation presents itself.

Our manager is always glad to discuss such problems in confidence.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

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Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

ANNIVERSARY SUNDAY

9.30—Class meeting.

Public worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sermons will be preached by Rev. C. W. Bishop, M.A., Principal of Albert College, Belleville.

Special music by the choir, who will be assisted at the evening service by Dr. Angrove, of Kingston.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Monday, Nov. 15th, 6 to 8 p.m. Anniversary supper, followed by programme given by the Radio Four Quartette of Belleville, assisted by Prof. Leo Riggs, accompanist, and a boy entertainer. Admission 50c.

Winter Poultry Necessities !

Thermo drinking fountains, oyster shell, grit, beef and bone meal, Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods, leg bands, and scientific sticking knives.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Campbell House, Napanee, Ont.

Make the Campbell House your headquarters when in town. Our meals a specialty, under new management. A trial solicited.

W. HOLLY & H. ASSELSTINE.

50-d

The Napanee Hunt Club.

Messrs. J. W. Robinson, J. E. Miller, Dr. Willoughby, J. B. Allison, Dr. McQuillin, Jas. Robbin, E. O. Ungar, Hurrel Huffman and F. W. Barrett, Napanee ; and Messrs. Roy Lott and Mr. Ogden, Bingmpton, N.Y., left on Monday for two week's hunting at their new camp on Thirty Island Lake.

Frontenac-Lennox Prohibition Executive Meets.

On Friday last the executive of the Prohibition Union of Frontenac-Lennox met at Odessa and discussed the present situation and appointed officers. Mr. W. Anglin was made president of the Conriding and A. MacGregor vice-president and A. J. Wilson, Secretary. After a long discussion it was decided that the executive call a convention of all prohibition workers and have them in conference on their policy. The matter of arrangements was left in the hands of the executive. Since then the Addington has been secured and a convention is called for Wednesday, Nov. 10th, at 7.30 p.m.

Grace Church Anniversary.

The anniversary services of Grace United Church will be held on Sunday, Nov. 14th, when Rev. C. W. Bishop, M.A., the new principal of Albert College, Belleville, as special preacher. Mr. Bishop has just concluded a successful pastorate at Sherbourne Street United Church, Toronto. On Monday evening, Nov. 15th, the fowl supper will take place, followed by a high class programme given by the Radio Four Quartette, assisted by Prof. Leo Riggs, who is one of the most noted organists of New York City. Master Hedley Foster will also help entertain with some appropriate readings. All those who had the pleasure of listening to the Radio Four Quartette on a recent Sunday evening in Grace church, will appreciate the privilege of again hearing them on the occasion of Grace Church Anniversary Supper.

Napanee Poultry Association.

Extract of minutes of a meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association held on 3rd November, 1926. Moved by G. C. Knox and seconded by S. Richardson, that this association places itself on record that after considering the report on the application of the egg grading regulations in this district, find that there is no just cause of complaint against the Regulation, by either the producer or the buyer, we find that under the Regulations the honest producer is protected from unscrupulous producers that consider anything with a shell, no matter how dirty or stale it might be, qualified to fill in a count, consequently the general public is the gainer, by getting the quality they buy, and are protected from buying food unfit for human consumption. Furthermore that a copy of this motion be forwarded to the Honourable, the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and a copy be placed in the hands of the publishers of the local papers, so that the feelings of this Association may be known.

The First Family Fall.

Mr. Geo. A. Cliff received a telegram on Monday from Victoria, B.C., notifying him of the sudden death in that city on Sunday, Oct. 31st, of his youngest brother, Charles Edwin Cliff. The message said it was due to heart trouble. The family consisted of four brothers and one sister. This is the first break. The average age is eighty years, which is a rare record. The deceased was born in Kingston and educated in the Grammar School in Napanee. He became apprenticed to Boyle & Wright hardware and tinsmiths Ambition swayed him, and after a business career in Bath and St. Mary's, Ontario, he moved with his wife and two sons to New Westminster, B.C.' Possessed of large ability, resolute-willed integrity, he was doing famously, when the great fire of 1898, which almost destroyed that city, swept him out of home and business, but not out of heart. He borrowed a match to rekindle his flame, and he and his boys worked lustingly from the ashes, entering the canning, the lumbering, the condensed milk, real estate, and other industries, mounting from height to height into the realms of dazzling prosperity, his sons, Ronald and Temple, achieving a high niche in the world of finance.

GET IT AT

WALLACE'S

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School, 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church : Sunday School 10.30 p.m. : Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

Mr. Earl Knechtel will speak at each service on the work of the Lord's Day Alliance.

ADOLPHUSTOWN UNITED CHURCH.

Rev. H. Stainton, Pastor.

Services for Nov. 14th, are as follows :

11 a.m.—Adolphustown.
3 p.m.—Hayburn.
7.30 p.m.—Sillsville.
Rev. H. Bunt, B.A., will preach.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Raney to Run in Prince Edward.

Hon. W. E. Raney received the unanimous nomination of the Temperance people of Prince Edward County at a convention at Picton on Saturday.

Tea Meeting and Entertainment.

At Hay Bay church on Thursday evening, Nov. 18th, all you can eat and an excellent program. Rev. Joseph Haycock, of Adolphustown, will act as chairman for the evening. 50-b

Bath Man is Held for Robbery in Rochester.

Rochester, N.Y., Nov. 2—Wm. J. Thompson, 21, Bath, Ont., was arrested in a rooming house here last night on a charge of robbery, first degree. Thompson is accused by police of holding up a restaurant proprietor here Sunday morning at the point of a revolver and robbing him of $11.

Newburgh Resident Dies.

One of the oldest residents of Newburgh passed away on Monday in the person of Mrs. Archer Reid, formerly Mrs. Clute. She was ill for nine or ten days with pneumonia and was tenderly cared for by her sister, Mrs. Coulter, and Mr. Reid's sister, Mrs. Morrison, Tweed. The funeral services were held on Wednesday by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson. Mrs. Reid has many friends, who regret to hear of her passing. She was a great lover of flowers and spent a great deal of her time in the cultivation of them.

Mr. Black Nominated.

Mr. W. D. Black, member for Addington in the last Legislature, was unanimously chosen as Conservative candidate for Addington-Frontenac in the present campaign. Mr. Black's name was the only one placed before the convention. The complete slate of officers of the Conservative Association as elected was as follows :

President—Mrs. Charlie Amey, Moscow.

Vice-President—Mr. G. Melville Drew, Sharbot Lake.

Second Vice-President — Mrs. T. A. Dunwoody, Newburgh.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Jos. Foster, Moscow.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. H. W. Wagar, Enterprise.

Auditors—Mr. B. C. McKnight, Sydenham, and Mr. G. D. Richardson, Tamworth.

Mr. M. Avery, of Sydenham, ex-member of Parliament for Addington, was elected Honorary President by acclamation.

THE CHEESE INDUSTRY.

Canada's Factories Produced 178,350,346 Pounds of Cheese.

There is indication of a growing cheese production in Canada and an increasing demand for this product in many countries. This industry, which became thrivingly established in the earliest settlement in the country and continued for long as one of the main supports of Eastern Canadian agriculture, tended to suffer as milk became diverted to build up the condensed milk industry as well as from the increasing demands for cream and ice cream in cities, but would seem to be once more in the process of being built up along sound lines, says Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada. This is due in some measure to the remarkable progress which is being made in the dairy industry in Western Canada as well as to stimulation effected in various manners in the Eastern provinces.

The total production of factory cheese in Canada in 1925 was 178,350,346 pounds with a value of $36,781,343, an average of 20.62 cents per pound. This was an increase of nearly thirty million pounds over the previous year and of over twelve million dollars in value. The volume of the product was the largest for any year back to 1917 and only a little below the record established in 1904, while it exceeded its value by $10,000,000. The output of Ontario factories constituted 67 per cent. and of Quebec factories 30 per cent. of the total production of factory cheese in Canada.

A relatively small portion of Canadian factory cheese remains in Canada, and export trade at the present time is showing a very gratifying trend, exceeding in quantity and approximating in value the peak years of 1920 and 1921. The United Kingdom has long been the heaviest importer of Canadian cheese, accounting for the purchase of about 90 per cent. of the total exports. In the twelve months ending June, 1924, the United Kingdom took 1,273,553 cwt. valued at $24,097,700, and in the following year 1,372,072 cwt., valued at $30,885,148. Small quantities of Canadian cheese are also going to the United States, Argentina, Belgium, Bermuda, British Guiana, British South Africa, Barbados, Jamaica, British West Indies, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Irish Free State, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Newfoundland, Sweden and other countries.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Rev. Harold Stainton will preach.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
Evening service will be withdrawn on account of Grace Church Anniversary services.
Wednesday, 7.30 — Prohibition Convention in the Armouries.

A HONEYMOON TANGLE

SOLDIER-MUSICIAN LOOKS BACK AND LAUGHS.

Lieut.-Col. J. Mackenzie-Rogan Tells Some Funny Stories In His Book. "Fifty Years of Army Music" — A Lover In Disguise.

Seeing a soldier at work on a regimental garden in India and wishing to get first-hand information as to the popularity of gardening among his men, a certain general went over to him and began chatting in a casual way.

The "Tommy" had not the least suspicion who his questioner was, and when asked if the men liked gardening replied quite candidly: "Well, I can't say as they do, sir. But the general here is a funny old chap, and we do it to please him." "Yes, if the gardens be all right he never finds fault with other things!".

This story is told in "Fifty Years of Army Music," a witty book of reminiscences by Lieut.-Col. J. Mackenzie-Rogan, who was once referred to as the "Sandhurst Humorist," because his father was Irish and his mother Scottish.

He enlisted as a band boy in 1867, rose to be Director of Music to the Coldstream Guards and Senior Director of Music to the Brigade of Guards, whilst he is the only soldier-musician honored by the rank of Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

Late at hotel in the West Country the author retired to bed at about 9.30 p.m., after a long day's journey, and was soon fast asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a lady calling at his arm. "Jack!" she cried (his name is Jack), "what do you mean, leaving me downstairs and going to bed? I don't believe you love me a bit. It's all a sham." In a deep-toned voice the musician managed to say: "Madam, what do you mean by coming in my room?" There was a wild shriek, and, tearing open the door, the lady bolted out.

The hotel manager explained afterwards that a honeymoon couple had that morning given up the room he occupied and had gone on to an adjacent town. Failing to get a room there they had returned and, by mistake, the booking clerk sent them that the room they had given up in the morning was still vacant.

Among the good stories concerns the punishment of "drumming out" of the army, which has now been abolished. In "drumming out," the defaulter, after being stripped of his stripes and decorations, even his buttons, was marched round the ranks with a drummer behind him, and he had to keep time with his back held by a drummer-boy. On one occasion a defaulter, when he reached the last man in the parade, turned on the colonel and called him a loud voice : "You have a very fine battalion, colonel! Dismiss them, please, and let us have a drink all round at my expense!" What the colonel said is not recorded.

The musicians of a certain regiment once gave a performance of a well-known Irish drama in which the "leading lady" — a good-looking drummer—played the part of an Irish colleen. Kathleen was bidding her lover Terence a last farewell, he being in a prison cell and under sentence of death.

It was a pathetic scene and, up to this point, admirably acted. But when Terence was about to embrace Kathleen, the latter broke away from him, exclaiming: "Ah, sure, don't be a fool, but just act and the rale thing to kiss, and don't be after throwin' it away on the likes o' me!" This fairly brought down the house.

A hanger-on who once joined Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie-Rogan's battalion and was allotted an old soldier as his servant. The ex-ploughboy constantly forgot his duties and, to save his master, the old servant frequently dressed in his uniform, turned out the guard at night, and even collected reports at "tattoo" without being detected. The servant became enamored of the daughter of a well-to-do farmer living nearby, dressed up in his master's uniform, and secured a footing in the farmer's household.

One day he was ordered to a musketry camp at a distance, and the sudden cessation of his visits caused the young lady to send a note to the barracks addressed to the happy-go-lucky private, who, ever ready for an adventure, answered the appeal in person. The servant got the sack, but the officer became friendly with the maid, and it looked like matrimony until the matter came to the knowledge of his senior officer, who speedily ended the romance.

Illustrating Tommy Atkins' love of dog-fighting, the story is told of a fire in a thatched bungalow in the lines of a regiment. The whole place turned out and, by mounting the roof and tearing away the thatch, localized the fire and prevented it from spreading.

The Commissioner of the District was on the spot admiring the fine work of the men—when dogs began to fight. To a man the soldiers stopped to watch the fun. Meanwhile the fire started again, and not only destroyed the bungalow but five others as well.

A regiment was leaving a Mediterranean station for India, and the colonel commanding, who had an aversion for popular tunes but knew them only by name, gave orders that the band must only play "God Save the Queen." The first lieutenant of the ship, however, instructed them to play "Auld Lang Syne." When this was done, and the colonel instantly stood to attention and saluted. Noticing that he was the only one to do so, he called the adjutant and said: "Why the divil are the men not standing to attention and why are the officers not saluting when the National Anthem is being played?"

Ontario Apples In London.

A representative has been appointed to superintend the sale of Ontario apples in London, England.

Grapes In Alberta.

Concord grapes are being successfully grown in Alberta.

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FULL EQUIPMENT
HALLPAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

No Scottish song is heard more often than "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." Everybody knows the chorus, which is its chief charm:—

Oh! you'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But I and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

There is a sad story attached to this refrain, and few who sing it so lustily know that they are singing a man's swan song. Certain questions arise. Why should the traveller by the low road be the first to arrive in Scotland? Why cannot the lovers ever meet again?

The hero of the song was a follower of the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie, for whose sake so many Scotsmen were willing to die. He was from Loch Lomondside and was taken prisoner at Culloden. His sweetheart set out to overtake the army and actually did so at Carlisle. She managed to see her lover before he was shot.

The song is the Highlander's farewell to the girl, and a Gaelic legend is the very core and heart of the song. It was believed that anyone who suffered a violent and sudden death travelled instantly through the ground to his birthplace, and from there passed to Heaven. Thus the girl would take the high road back to the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, but her lover, going by the low road of death, would be there first, and would be gone again before she arrived.

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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Frank Lloyd presents one of his latest features, "WINDS OF CHANCE." The stirring drama of the Alaskan gold rush. Anna Q. Nilsson has the leading feminine role.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Abert Gran plays Cappy Ricks in "MORE PAY—LESS WORK." Fox Films' version of Peter B. Kyne's new Capp yRicks story.

Also a good comedy.

Also a 2-reel Western.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

The PASSION PLAY.

Nations have become strange to each other. Hatred instead of mutual help—force instead of understanding—machine guns instead of bread. This is unbearable. And gentle voices, heard in louder and louder, raise from all countries of the universe : Reconciliation of the nations ! International peace ! The film wants to go to the very core of the problem. It will demonstrate to everybody everybody's needs, as it is the great reading book of the world. It speaks but one language : that of the heart ! It utters but one demand : Be human ! It propagates but one idea : Love instead of force ! This is the meaning of the film "PASSION PLAY," which speaks to the nations in the simple language which appeals to all hearts. The decision of Jesus has to come to in the passionate drama, is placed before everybody rich and poor, great and humble ; it is : Love instead of force, even at the price of a great sacrifice.

Adults 45c., Children 25c.

One show only at 8 o'clock.

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"The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." Ps. 19-8 ; "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," Is. 11-9 ; "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother." Matt. 12-50 ; "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out." Rom. 11-33 ; "O how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear me," Ps. 31-19.

Leaning on thee with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide ;
Each step of love's untrodden path,
Thy love shall guide.

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Borrowed Plumage

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

In serious family council Joel Talbott, his wife and the daughter of the house, Ruth, discussed the important subject of the marriage of the son and brother, Waldron, for two years manager of a small wholesale mercantile house in the city.

"Miss Arline Burt," spoke Joel Talbott—"a pretty name."

"And pretty herself," volunteered Ruth spontaneously. "Have you seen her pictures, father?"

"I am about to show them to you" interrupted Mrs. Talbott with a certain severe dignity that was rather ominous. "Waldron has sent us four—a sort of goddess of the season series," and Mr. Talbott regarded the speaker a trifle uneasily, for his wife's tones were tinged with something of sarcasm and bitterness. He wondered why, and was soon enlightened. An envelop containing four photographs was handed to him. He inspected them with curiosity and admiration and made the sprightly remark:

"Pretty as a picture, isn't she?"

"That is a question," remarked Mrs. Talbott rather snappishly. "I am not the woman to criticise or interfere in my son's private affairs, but I am bound to think of his welfare."

"Why, what are you talking about, Martha?" interrogated her husband in vague surprise.

"If you have eyes, can't you see for yourself?" challenged Mrs. Talbott. "Those four pictures tell the tale, don't they?"

"I think she is the most charmingly dressed being I ever looked upon," said Ruth.

"Why, yes," nodded Mr. Talbott approvingly.

"Oh! you do?" flared forth the wife and mother. "And let me ask, have you considered what those clothes must cost? Why, the girl simply has the latest and costliest gowns that Paris can make."

"Well, even so," suggested the tolerant Mr. Talbott, "she's fitted out for a whole year, isn't she?"

"Yes, and oh! how I would like to see those lovely dresses," cried Ruth.

Mrs. Talbott was for writing at once to Waldron, exhorting him to think twice before he took to himself a ruinously extravagant wife. There her husband set his foot down hard. It was not their province to interfere in the heart affairs of Waldron. Perhaps he was wedding an heiress who could afford to wear what she liked. But this idea Mrs. Talbott scouted utterly by alluding to a letter written in the past by Waldron, in which he had stated that his fiancee was poor, worked for her living, but was good as gold, and would make him a helpful, economical wife.

"Economical!" shrugged Mrs. Talbott, and looked desperate.

"A sister-in-law to be proud of, anyway!" whispered Ruth to herself.

"I don't blame Waldron for falling in love with such a dream of a beauty," soliloquized the old man.

In a couple of weeks the news came informing the family of the wedding. It was a modest, unpretentious affair.

The happy wedded pair were to come to the Talbott home for a week and due preparations were made to receive them, although Mrs. Talbott went about her duties under protest. She feared that the bride was likely to appear as a capricious, overdressed creature, vain and extravagant, a sort of human doll, with finery and display the leading characteristics of her shallow nature.

It was upon a Tuesday that the wedded pair were expected. Ruth, at the gate on the tiptoe of expectation looking for them, was surprised to see a cab drive up in front of the house discharging a single passenger, a plain, but neatly dressed lady with a suit case, whom she immediately recognized as her sister-in-law. Arline was wondrously pretty and graceful and there was no affectation, but eager, pleased delight as she was welcomed by Ruth and her mother.

"Waldron had some business to attend to at Wyndham," explained Arline, "and will be on with the trunks tomorrow. How homelike and cozy it is here. Mother, dear, let me help around until Waldron comes, won't you?"

She reappeared from her room clad in a simple gingham gown, wearing no jewelry but her wedding ring, and presenting not the slightest trace of artificiality. Mrs. Talbott was disarmed by her simple, sensible ways, but Ruth awaited the arrival of those trunks with joyful anticipations.

"There certainly is no flash and glitter about her," admitted Mrs. Talbott to her husband. "She seems anxious and pleased to fall right into our homespun ways and help all she can."

"I never was so disappointed in my life!" pouted Ruth to girl friends the next day, when the expected treasure house, the trunk, arrived. "Why, I've got as pretty a gingham frock and a pink organdie and a white lawn as she has."

"Dainty but economical," voted Mrs. Talbott, and blurted out the indications of magnificence the pictures had fixed in their minds.

"Oh! did you think all that finery belonged to me?" smiled Arline. "Indeed, no! You see, I was working for a garment house as camera girl. That is, posed for their fashion plates in the newest and finest frocks."

"Arline needs no gay plumage to make her prettier than she is!" declared Waldron.

"She certainly does not!" said his father admiringly, and with enthusiasm.

Canada's Fish Industry.

Fish caught and landed on both coasts of Canada during the first six months of 1926, totalled in value $9,821,351. Of this amount British Columbia is credited with $3,280,147, Quebec $494,373, New Brunswick $1,300,187, Prince Edward Island $623,264 and Nova Scotia $4,313,390. Lobsters, cod and halibut were the most valuable species caught.

Canada's Forests.

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The Tie of Love

By T. B. ALDERSON

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Yes, Nellie is the last to leave home," sighed Mrs. Waters to a relative who had come to stay for a few days. "She is to be married next week."

"All gone—Alice, Warren, Bartley, and now the youngest," repeated the other. "I should think you would be dreadfully lonesome."

"Of course we miss them," replied Mrs. Waters, "but we are glad to see them make their choice in life, well and happy. Alice has picked out a very sensible man with a good business. Warren will always be near us. He settled in the town here. Nellie's prospective husband is a doctor in the city, with an established practice."

"And Bartley—how has he got along?"

Mrs. Waters tightened the lips that expressed disappointment or resentment, it was difficult to decide which.

"Well, if the truth must be known," she said, "Bartley has not made much of his chances in life. He always had a mechanical turn, you know, and liked pottering about with tools and inventing impossible machines. He could have married the richest girl in Dayton, but no, he never looks out sensibly for his own interest! A year ago he took a month's vacation down in the southern part of the state and came back with a bride. We were more than surprised."

"She—"

"Oh! the girl is all right, and her old father, too, as to intelligence and respectability, but worse than poor, absolutely at the verge of destruction when Bartley came across them. Were really living in a test down there in the swampy country. It would almost seem as if Bartley had married Winnie Blake from pity, or pity."

"They don't get along—"

"Oh, yes, they do—perfectly happy. The girl fairly idolizes Bartley, and he is more than content grubbing along, dreaming his old dreams of startling the world with some great invention, and just making ends meet. Winnie and her father encourage him in his speculative ambition, for they think he is the smartest man in the world."

"Maybe he is—give him time to develop," suggested the relative.

"Hardly, saddled with debt and an old man who will never be able again to make his living," sighed Mrs. Waters.

Her impulsive son and his adoring wife recked little that the shoe pinched hard at times. There was a romance in their lives that would always remain. On a walking tour down state, Bartley had come across the Blakes, father and daughter, sheltered by a tent on the poor 40-acre patch where they had grubbed out a living for years. Only a week previous the house and barn had burned down along with a lot of grain and equipment, and they were absolutely beggared. Bartley lingered fascinated by the pure, innocent nature of the lovely girl who strove to encourage her stricken father that better days were in store for them. Fate clinched the outcome, and Winnie was soon back to Bartley's home town, his wife.

Over a year went by, and a baby came. Bartley had made little progress in his business, for half of his time he was working on an invention that looked promising. At the last he discovered that an essential principle of its construction had been devised previously by a college professor, of itself no use to the inventor, but without the right to use it Bartley's machine was minus a valuable essential. The college professor was only willing to transfer it for several thousand dollars.

Little Daisy, the babe, was only a few weeks old when Mr. Blake one day disappeared. Winnie was deeply worried and Bartley was alarmed. They searched vainly for a trace of the missing man. They feared for his safety—aged, penniless, unfit for hardship as he was. Then one evening as Winnie, the babe and Bartley were seated on the porch, the first named uttered a vivid scream. The depot auto circled up to the curb and Albert Blake alighted.

"Sort of tired from a long train ride, so thought I'd hire a conveyance," he chirped gaily, after Winnie had wept for joy on his shoulder and Bartley hugged him in glad welcome. "My new suit? Why, yes, Professor Smith helped me pick it out."

"Professor Smith?" repeated Bartley amazedly.

"Was with him all the morning. I mustn't forget to give you the document transferring his patent to you. Paid cash for it, son Bartley, and at last I can prove to you how I cherish your goodness to me and mine."

"You see, it was all through a newspaper item I happened to see telling how firmers in Delaware and Maryland got a thousand dollars for four old stumps. That set me thinking of our old wood lot in the swamp—remember it, Winnie? Not a tree touched, and 80 acres of it. I went back there with a timber cruiser and, Bartley, after paying the professor I've got enough cash to put your patent through and make us all rich for life."

Which came about, and Mrs. Waters nowadays speaks proudly of "my son, Bartley, the manufacturer," and his estimable family—old Albert Blake included.

Hymn Quickly Composed.

Perhaps the most quickly written hymn was "From Greeenland's Icy Mountains," which was composed by Bishop Heber in little more than fifteen minutes.

Expert at It.

"Jim married a masseuse, didn't he?" "Yes, and she certainly rubs it into him."—Boston Transcript.

Sure Thing.

Care may kill people, but don't cars kills more.—Boston Transcript.

In Time of Need

By ALVAH J. GARTH

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Morris Davenal stood spellbound viewing a scene that seemed so lovely, yet flimsy, that he almost deemed himself under a delusion. He had been tramping on the banks of a river, occupying a rude board shanty, and had cut across what seemed to be the extensive grounds of a great, gloomy mansion. At the edge of a glade a flitting figure had crossed his range of vision.

It was nearly midnight, and the moonlight filtered down in a silvery flood and showed a form girlish, full of natural grace, and a face the outlines of which were perfect. She drew within the shadow of a towering elm tree and stood motionless, her ear bent, her gaze fixed.

She made a gesture of keen disappointment as no one appeared.

Beyond the tree a man, evidently a worker about the grounds, suddenly came into view. He halted, applied a whistle to his lips and blew an echoing trill. The girl hurried in the direction of the house to be confronted by a second man, past middle age, who regarded her with sternness, almost anger.

"You will not be warned!" Davenal heard him say, and there was the venom of menace in his tones.

"Please stand aside," spoke the girl in icy tones. "I will return to my room."

"And stay there, if you are wise," observed the man. "You are trying to play me false. Be careful—you know the penalty!"

Davenal delivered a deep breath like one seeing an entrancing picture fade into nothingness. Such a scene remained imprinted on his memory all the way to his temporary home near the river. He entered the dilapidated old shack and sat for an hour in meditation. Finally he aroused himself and walked over to a cupboard.

"Again!" he muttered, as its shelves came into view, and the puzzled exclamation expressed his astonishment that, for the second time within twenty-four hours, someone had entered the place and had made away with food in the cupboard.

Davenal threw himself on his couch, but memory of the fair girl in the moonlight remained for a long time. He finally slumbered, to rouse up at early daylight as a groan disturbed him. It was repeated, apparently from an attic overhead. Davenal went to a corner where cleats were nailed along the wall, ascended these and glanced about the confined space under the roof.

A human form was stretched out upon a heap of old rags, moving uneasily, with closed eyes. Davenal fancied this must be the despoiler of his food supply. He noticed that one foot of the intruder was swathed in a bandage. He touched his arm. Instantly the other, a young man of presentable appearance, although he looked haggard and distressed, awoke.

"Who are you?" challenged Davenal.

It was only after persistent questioning that Davenal was able to gain the confidence of the stowaway. He helped him below, prepared a meal and attended to a bad cut on one foot, the result of falling over a keen-edged scythe.

Finally the stranger told his story. He was Earle Wilton, and his visit to the vicinity was to secretly meet his sister, Adrienne. She was a captive in the power of an unprincipled guardian, who hoped to gain her fortune by forcing her to marry him.

"I received a letter concerning the situation of affairs," Wilton told Davenal, "but had to proceed with caution. Wolfe Dubrow's hold on my sister was his claim that he had proof of my committing a forgery of my father's name before he died. It is false, but he has the power to imprison me. In sixty days Adrienne will be of age and can defy him. "If I were not thus crippled I could convey her to a safe hiding place."

"Let me help you," eagerly pleaded Davenal, at once divining that Miss Adrienne Wilton was the fair girl of the moonlight episode.

An hour later, appareled in his most commonplace attire, Davenal strolled by the Dubrow place. The man with the whistle of the night previous hailed him. Was he looking for work? Was he willing to put in a forenoon's labor on the lawn for a dollar? and soon Davenal had located the room which Miss Wilton occupied and had also spied a long ladder in the barn of the place.

Then he went back to the river shack, planned with Earle Wilton what they should do, made arrangements to have an automobile on hand after dark, had Wilton write a note to his sister, and at midnight helped the startled and excited girl captive down the ladder, hastened to the shack and they were miles away before daylight.

Davenal accompanied brother and sister to a retired village, saw them comfortably settled and left them filled with gratitude for his helpful attention. Twice he revisited them during the next two months.

The day when her coming of age released her legally from the care of her guardian, Adrienne Wilton wrote Davenal of the fact and asked his advice and co-operation as to her further action in regard to her estate.

Davenal secured a lawyer and the baffled Wolfe Dubrow was compelled to relinquish his evil schemes. By that time Davenal and Adrienne had become something more than friends, and ere the end of the year she had a lifetime guardian.

Land of Secret Societies.

China is the land of secret societies. They are numbered by the score, and their members by millions. Many of them have strange names, such as "The White Lilies," "The Red Door" and "The One-Piece Incense."

Make It Productive.

"It's just an idle rumor." "Well, my wife's bridge club is in session. If those ladies get hold of that idle rumor, they'll soon put it to work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Waking Up

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Greg Morton had been for two years a clerk in the store of Seth Gray. He had saved several hundred dollars and both his employer and his daughter Ruth, who helped in the store, liked him and admired his thrifty ways. Ruth had been almost unconsciously an important element in forming the character of the young man, but store, Ruth, thrift and humble contentment went all to the winds one day, when a letter arrived informing Morton that he had fallen heir to a small fortune.

He resigned his position in the store by telephone, half wild with the immediate possession of several thousand dollars representing accumulations on investments, the principal of which was to become his further on. Then a few days later he appeared at the store, resplendent as to attire and jewelry adornment.

"I've been so busy getting used to being rich," he declared, "that I couldn't get around before. Mr. Gray, if you need any money, I've got a thousand or two you can have to expand your business."

"You're a good-hearted fellow, Greg," spoke the storekeeper, "but allow me to state is my motto, and I never borrow, Ruth is upstairs in the living rooms."

"I think I'll speak a word or two to her, if you don't object."

"I won't, and neither will Ruth. We miss you too much for that."

Morton sought out Ruth. As his eyes fell upon her neatly garbed form and expressive face, a vague sense of abandoning good old friends assailed him, but the emotion was only temporary. Glare and glitter had already fascinated him, and he was eager to get back to comrades who were indulgently helping him to spend his newly acquired wealth. She greeted him in a friendly, familiar way, as was her custom with him, but there was a certain shyness, he quickly noticed, which he attributed to a realization on her part if changed.

"I spent shopping yesterday, Ruth," he said brightly, "to get my cousin a sunburst pin, and I've bought you one, too," and he extended a little velvet case exposing a pretty bauble with half a dozen dim diagonals in it.

"I can't accept such an expensive present from you, Greg," spoke Ruth in a subdued tone, "but give me that rosebud in your buttonhole."

If Greg followed an impulse, he would have accepted the gift into arms and told her what he thought of her. Already, however, the wiles of a new social influence had enveloped him. The idle and pleasure seeking had claimed him as their own, particularly for his money. There was a group of newly made comrades who hung about him daily. There was a Miss Vera Burgoyne to whom he had been introduced, his senior by a few years, but artificially concealing the fact. She had set her cap to capture a young man hardly her equal socially, but with promising prospects. At heart a coquette, she had dazzled Morton quite, and his male friends had made him believe that a match with Miss Burgoyne would put him up in the world materially. They feasted on his generous bounty and flattered and cajoled him. He was in for folly, and when one day he appeared on the street with a hat controlled by a tiny wire, and shot it up from his head in greeting acquaintances, his chums noted him "so original." When again Morton drew a mock revolver from his pocket, snapped it and landed a cigar between his teeth, it was denominated "the classiest bit of the season." He was courted like a king, but one day—

Morton never forgot it. He had discovered that he had used up his entire cash, even overdrawing at bank. On top of this came word that the concern in which his capital was invested had failed and his entire principal was swept away.

Late nights, excitement, his loss brought on a natural reaction.

Deserted by his friends, in debt and harassed with new troubles, he fell ill and lay in fever and delirium for over a week.

"Queer," was his first word, faintly spoken, as he opened his eyes to normal coherency.

"Ah, better? That's good," spoke the bluff, hearty tones of Seth Gray. "We thought you would be better cared for here than at the hotel. One good thing, we haven't been pestered with those new friends of yours. Miss Burgoyne sent a servant to inquire after you, once, only."

"That's more than I expected," said Morton, "for she dropped me in a flash when she heard of my loss. Not that I am sorry. False, selfish humanity. And you took me in. Well, I'll be able to get about in a day or two and relieve you of my charge. I suppose you feel a bit hard at me leaving you the way I did—"

"Oh, yes," observed Mr. Gray satirically, "too much so that Ruth and I quarreled over which should sit up nights and care for you. So much so, that I am going to offer to take you into partnership, if you're over your evil dream, and have waked up to the practical issues of life."

Greg Morton buried his head in the pillow to hide his tears. Big-souled Seth Gray—how he blessed him. Artless, loving Ruth—how he realized her true worth at last, and, when he told her so, knew that he had won a treasure among womankind.

Woman 128 Years Old.

Klara Pal, a woman living in Arad, Roumania, has just celebrated her 120th birthday. She never suffered from illness until she reached the age of one hundred, and her health is still good. The oldest woman in the world is reputed to be a Persian, who has declared her age as 146 years. The reputed oldest man is Zaro Khan, of Constantinople, who is said to be 150 years old.

Dogs In the Isle of Wight.

There are one dogs than children in the Isle of Wight.

A Simplified Radio that Mother will enjoy

King 62, Double Shielded, Cushion-Mounted Tubes. With Pilot Light

Get the Station With the Simple Turn of a Single Knob

THERE'S a hundred things on the air for mother—when the other folks are away at work or school. But mother doesn't know a variable condenser from a grid leak—she wants a set she can operate without being an electrical expert.

Get her the King 62, with the single knob station selector. Then with a simple turn of a single knob she can get that great parade of stations on the air. Music to liven the morning hours, new menus to give variety to the daily meals, lectures on health, and happiness from a hundred stations.

You aren't really using your radio unless mother is getting the good of it in the mornings and afternoons.

We will put this King 62 in your home, install it ready to run—show mother and all of you in ten minutes just how to use it—and ask for only a small down payment—the balance to be paid as you enjoy it.

If you haven't a good radio, half the world is passing you by. And if you have one that mother can't use, you are cheating mother.

Come in today—get a demonstration. Or phone us if you prefer—we will have a set in by tonight.

A Small Down Payment
Puts This Set in Your Home

This King Radio is almost as easy to own as to operate. A small payment is all you need pay down. The balance in convenient monthly amounts, paid while you are enjoying its marvelous performance.

KING RADIO
"Most Radio Per Dollar"

King Radio Shop
Don Scott
John St. — Napanee

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"I'll show you. If you want to get him in you'd better bring the old hag with you. It'll take two of you to carry him."

"I'll come," the old woman said from across the shadowed room. She spoke with a curious breathlessness. "I'll go at once."

The door closed behind the three of them, and they went out into the moonlit forest. Dave walked first. It was wholly characteristic of him that he should find a degenerate rapture in showing these two women the terrible handiwork of the Turners. He rejoiced in just this sort of cruelty. Linda had no suspicion that this excursion was only a pretext to get the two women away from the house, and that his eagerness arose from deeper causes. It was true that Dave exulted in the work, and strangely the fact that it was part of the plot against Bruce had been almost forgotten in the face of a greater emotion. He was alone in the darkness with Linda—except of course for a helpless old woman—and the command of Simon in regard to his attitude toward her seemed suddenly dim and far away. He led them over a hill, into the deeper forest.

So intent was he that he quite failed to observe a singular little signal between old Elmira and Linda. The woman half turned about, giving the girl an instant's glimpse of something that she transferred from her breast to her sleeve. It was slender and of steel, and it caught the moonlight on its shining surface.

The girl's eyes glittered when she beheld it. She nodded, scarcely perceptibly, and the strange file plunged deeper into the shadows.

Fifteen minutes later Dave drew up to a halt in a little patch of moonlight, surrounded by a wall of low trees and brush.

"There's more than one way to make a date for a walk with a pretty girl," he said.

The girl stared coldly into his eyes. "But do you mean?" she asked.

The man laughed harshly. "I mean that Bruce ain't got back yet—he's still on the other side of Little river, for all I know."

"Then why did you bring us here?"

"Just to be sociable," Dave returned. "I'll tell you, Linda. I wanted to talk to you. I ain't been in favor of a lot of things Simon's been doing—to you and your people, I thought. But now you and I would like to be—friends."

No one could mistake the emotion behind the strained tone, the peculiar languor in the furtive eyes. The girl drew back, shuddering. "I'm going back," she told him.

"Wait. I'll take you back soon. Let's have a kiss and make friends. The old lady won't look—"

He laughed again, a hoarse sound that rang far through the silences. He moved toward her, hands reaching. She backed away. Then she half-tripped over an outstretched root.

The next instant she was in his arms, struggling against their steel.

She Was in His Arms, Struggling Against Their Steel.

She didn't waste words in pleading. A sob caught at her throat, and she fought with all her strength against the dreadful, mearing force. She had forgotten Elmira; in this dreadful moment of terror and danger the old woman's broken strength seemed too little to be of aid. And Dave thought her as helpless to oppose him as the tall pines that watched from above them.

His sidelong laughter obscured the single sound that she made, a strange cry that seemed lacking in abhuman qualities. Rather it was such a sound as a human utters it leaps upon its prey. It was the participation of a whole life or figured that had come to a crisis at last, of deadly and terrible triumph after a whole decade of waiting. If Dave had discerned that cry in time he would have hurled Linda from his arms to beg into a position of defense. The desire for women in men goes down to the roots of the world, but self-preservation is a deeper instinct still.

But he didn't hear it in time. Elmira had not struck with her knife. The blow caught the man at the temple, his arms fell away from the girl's body, he staggered grotesquely in the carpet of pin needles. Then he fell face downward.

"His belt, quick!" the woman cried. No longer was her voice that of decrepit age. The girl struggled with herself, wrenched back her self-control, and leaped to obey her aunt. They snatched the man's belt from about his waist, and the women locked it swiftly about his ankles. With strong, hard hands they drew his wrists back of him and tied them tight with the long bandanna handkerchief he wore about his neck. They worked almost in silence, with incredible rapidity and deftness.

The man was waking now, stirring in his unconsciousness, and swiftly the old woman cut the buckskin thongs from his tall logging boots. These also she twisted about his wrists, looping them again and again, and pulling them so tight they were almost buried in the lean flesh. Then they turned him face upward to the moon.

The two women stood an instant, breathing hard. "What now?" Linda asked. And a shiver of awe went over her at the sight of the woman's face.

"Nothing more, Linda," she answered, in a distant voice. "Leave Dave Turner to me."

It was a lone picture. Womanhood—the softness and tenderness which men have learned to associate with the name—seemed fallen away from Linda and Elmira. They were only avengers—like the she-wolf that fights for her cubs or the she-wolf that guards the lair. There was no more mercy in them than in the females of the lower species.

Dave awakened. They saw him stir. They watched him try to draw his arms from behind him. It was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. Then he wrenched and tugged with all his strength, flopping strangely in the dirt. The effort increased until it was something aggressive of an animal in the death struggle—a fur bearer dying in the trap.

A chair in the front room was turned over. His heart leaped at the sight of it. "Linda," he called in alarm, "where are you? It's Bruce."

He stood an instant listening, a great fear creeping over him. He called once more, first to Linda and then to the old woman. Then he leaped through the doorway.

The kitchen was similarly deserted. From there he went to Linda's room. Her coat and hat lay on the bed, but

Her Coat and Hat Lay on the Bed, but There Was No Linda to Stretch Her Arms to Him.

there was no Linda to stretch her arms to him. He started to go out the way he had come, but went instead to his own room. A sheet of note-paper lay on the bed.

It had been scrawled hurriedly; but although he had never received a written word from Linda he did not doubt but that it was her hand:

"The Turners are coming—I caught a glimpse of them on the ridge. There is no use of my trying to resist, so I'll wait for them in the front room and maybe they won't find this note. They will take me to Simon's house, and I know from its structure that they will lock me in an interior room in the east wing. Use the window on that side nearest the north corner. My one hope is that you will come at once to save me."

Bruce's eyes leaped over the page; then he thrust it into his pocket. He slipped through the rear door of the house, into the shadows.

CHAPTER XIX

As Bruce hurried up the hill toward the Ross estates, he made a swift calculation of the rifle shells in his pocket. The gun held six. He had perhaps fifteen others in his pockets, and he hadn't stopped to replenish them from the supply Elmira had brought. He hadn't brought Dave's rifle with him, but had left it with the remainder of his pack. He knew that the lighter he traveled the greater would be his chance of success.

Obviously the girl had written when the clan was closing about the house, and finding her in the front room, there had been no occasion to search the other rooms and thus discover it. The girl had kept her head even in that moment of crisis. A wave of admiration for her passed over him.

And the little action had set an example for him. He knew that only rigid self-control and cool-headed strategy could achieve the thing he had set out to do. His impulse was to storm the door, to pour his lead through the lighted windows; but such things could never take Linda out of Simon's hands. Only stealth and caution, not blind courage and frenzy, could serve her now. Such blind killing as his heart prompted had to wait for another time.

He knew only the general direction of the Ross house where Simon lived. Linda had told him it rested upon the crest of a small hill, beyond a ridge of timber. The moonlight showed him the wagon trail, and he strode swiftly along it.

He had a vague sense of familiarity with this winding trail. Perhaps he had toddled down it as a baby, perhaps his mother had carried him along on a neighborly visit to the Rosses. He went over the hill and pushed his way to the edge of the timber. All at once the moon showed him the house.

He couldn't mistake it, even at this distance. And to Bruce it had a singular effect of unreality. The mountain men did not ordinarily build homes of such dimensions. They were usually merely log cabins of two or three lower rooms and a garret to be reached with a ladder. The ancestral home of the Rosses, however, had fully a dozen rooms, and it loomed to an incredible size in the moonlight. The massive logs, the wide-spanned gable roofs and far-spreading wings. And it seemed more like a house of enchantment, a structure raised by the rubbing of a magic lamp, than the work of carpenters and masons.

Probably its wild surroundings had a great deal to do with this effect. There were no roads leading to Trail's End. Material could not be carried over its winding trails except on pack animals. It had a million times the tremendous difficulties that had been conquered by tireless effort, of long months of unending toil, of exhaustless patience, and at the end—a dream come true. All of the timber had to be hewed from the forests about. Its stone had been quarried from the rock cliffs and hauled with infinite labor over the steep trails.

He understood now why the Turners had coveted it. It seemed the acme of luxury to them. And more clearly than ever he understood why the Rosses had died, sooner than relinquish it, and why its usurpation by the Turners had left such a debt of hatred to Linda. All men know that the love of home is one of the few great impulses that has made toward civilization, but by the same token it has been the cause of many wars. Perhaps the day is coming when this love will die in the land, but with it will die the strength to repel the heathen from our walls, and the land will not be worth living in, anyway. But it was not dead to the mountain people. No really primitive emotion ever is.

The Rosses had known this instinct very well. As all men who are strong-thewed and of real natural virtue, they had known pride of race and name, and it had been a task worth while to build this stately house on their far-lying acres. They had given their fiber to it freely; no man who beheld the structure could doubt that fact. They had simply consecrated their lives to it; their one work by which they could show to all who came after that by their own hands they had earned their right to live.

Bruce saw the broad lands lying under the moon. There were hundreds of acres of alfalfa and clover to furnish hay for the winter feeding. There were wide, green pastures, enclivered by rich moon, and fields of corn laid out in even rows. The old appeal of the soil, an instinct that no person of Anglo-Saxon descent can ever completely escape, swept through him. They were worth fighting for, those fertile acres.

Not for nothing have a hundred generations of Anglo-Saxon people been tillers of the soil. They had left a love of it to Bruce. He knew what it would be like to feel the earth's pulse through the handles of a plow, to behold the first start of green things in the spring and the golden ripening in fall; to watch the flocks through the breathless nights and the herds feeding on the distant hills.

Bruce looked over the ground. He knew enough not to continue the trail farther. The space in front was bathed in moonlight, and he would make the best kind of target to any rifleman watching from the windows of the house. He turned through the coverts, seeking the shadow of the forests at one side.

By going in a quartering direction he was able to approach within two hundred yards of the house without emerging into the moonlight. At that point the real difficulty of the stalk began. He hovered in the shadows, then slipped one hundred feet further to the trunk of a great oak tree.

He could see the house much more plainly now. True, it had suffered neglect in the past twenty years it needed painting and many of its windows were broken. Bruce rejoiced to see that there were no lights in the east wing of the house; the window that Linda had indicated in the note was just a black square on the moonlit wall.

There was a neglected garden close to this wing of the house. If he could reach this spot in safety he could approach within a few feet of the house and still remain in cover. He went flat, then slowly crawled toward it.

Once a light sprang up in a window near the front, and he pressed close to the earth. But in a moment it went away. He crept on. He didn't know when a watchman in one of the dark windows would discern his creeping figure. But he did know perfectly just what manner of greeting he might expect in this event. There would be a single little spurt of fire in the darkness, so small that probably his eyes would quite fail to catch it. If they did discern it, there would be no time for a message to be recorded in his brain. It would mean a swift and certain end of all messages. The Turners would have time for emptying their rifles at him, and there would be the slightest doubt about their hitting the mark. All the clan were expert shots and the range was close.

The place was deeply silent. He felt a growing sense of awe. In a moment more, he slipped into the shadows of the neglected rose gardens.

He lay quiet an instant, resting. He didn't wish to risk the success of his expedition by beginning haste now. He wanted his full strength and breath for any crisis that he should meet in the room where Linda was confined.

Nevertheless, the stock of his rifle felt good in his hands. Perhaps there would be a running fight after he got the girl out of the house, and then his cartridges would be needed. There might even be a fusillade of fire mingled with what guards the Turners had set over her. But the heavy stock was like a club, would be most use to him then.

Many times, he knew, skulking figures had been concealed in this garden. Probably the Turners, in the days of the blood-feud, had often waited in its shadows for a sight of some one of their enemies in a lighted window. Old ghosts dwelt in it. He could see their shadows waver out of the corner of his eyes. Or perhaps it was only the shadow of the brambles, blown by the wind.

Once his heart leaped into his throat at a sharp crack of brush beside him; and he could scarcely restrain a muscular jerk that might have revealed his position. But when he turned his head he could see nothing but the coverts and the moon above them. A garden snake, or perhaps a blind mole, had made the sound.

Four minutes later he was within one dozen feet of the designated window. There was a stretch of moonlight between, but he passed it quickly. And now he stood in bold relief against the moonlit house-wall.

He was in perfectly plain sight of any one on the hill behind. Possibly his distant form might have been discerned from the window of one of the lesser houses occupied by Simon's kin. But he was too close to the wall to be visible from the windows of Simon's house, except by a deliberate scrutiny. And the window slipped up noiselessly in his hands.

He was considerably surprised. He had expected this window to be locked.

He Was Considerably Surprised. He Had Expected This Window to Be Locked.

Some way, he felt less hopeful of success. He recalled in his mind the directions that Linda had left, wondering if he had come to the wrong window. But there was no chance of a mistake in this regard; it was the northernmost window in the east wing. However, she had said that she would be confined in an interior room, and probably the Turners had seen no need of barriers other than its locked door. Probably they had not even anticipated that Bruce would attempt a rescue.

He leaped lightly upward and slipped silently into the room. Except for the moonlit square on the floor it was quite in darkness.

He stood a moment, hardly breathing. But he decided it was not best to strike a match. A match might reveal his presence to some one in an adjoining room. He rested his hand against the wall, then moved slowly around the room. He knew that by this course he would soon encounter the door that led into the interior rooms.

In a moment he found it. He stood waiting. He turned the knob gently; then softly pulled. But the door was locked.

There was no sound now but the loud beating of his own heart. He could no longer hear the voices of the wind outside the open window. He wondered whether, should he hurl all his magnificent strength against the panels, he could break the lock; and if he did so, whether he could escape with the girl before he was shot down. But his hand wandering over the lock, encountered the key.

It was easy, after all. He turned the key. The door opened beneath his hand.

If there had been a single ray of light under the door or through the keyhole, his course would have been quite different. He would have opened the door suddenly in that case, hoping to take by surprise whosoever of the clan were guarding Linda. To open a door slowly into a room full of enemies is only to give them plenty of time to cock their rifles. But in this case the room was in darkness, and all he need fear was making a sudden sound. The opening slowly widened. Then he slipped through and stood ten breathless seconds in silence.

"Linda," he whispered. He waited a long time for an answer. Then he stole farther into the room.

"Linda," he said again. "It's Bruce. Are you here?"

And in the unfathomable silence he heard a sound—a sound so dim and small that it only reached the frontier of hearing. It was a strange, whispering, eerie sound, and it filled the room like the fainest, most imperceptible gust of wind. But there was no doubting its reality. A living creature occupied this place of darkness with him, and was either half-gagged by a handkerchief over the face or was trying to conceal its presence by muffling its breathing. "Linda," he said again.

There was a strange response to the calling of that name. He heard no whispered reply to him. Instead, the door he had just passed through shut softly behind him.

For a fleeting instant he hoped that the wind had blown it shut. For it is always the way of youth to hope—as long as any hope is left. His heart leaped and he whirled to face it. Then he heard the unmistakable sound of a bolt being slid into place.

Some little space of time followed in silence. He struggled with growing horror, and time seemed limitless. Then a strong man laughed grimly in the darkness.

CHAPTER XX

As Bruce waited, his eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness. He began to see the dim outlines of his fellow occupants of the room—fully seven brawny men seated in chairs about the walls. "Let's hear you drop your rifle," one of them said.

Bruce recognized the grim voice as Simon's—heard on one occasion before. He let his rifle fall from his hands. He knew that only death would be the answer to any resistance to these men. Then Simon scratched a match, and without looking at him, bent to touch it to the wick of the lamp.

The tiny flame sputtered and flickered, filling the room with dancing shadows. Bruce looked about him.

To be Continued.

HUMAN-INTEREST INCIDENT.

Preacher In an Ontario District Play Role of Samaritan.

In a certain locality not a thousand miles from here, says the Toronto Globe, there occurred a little human-interest incident that is worthy of being recorded somewhere. Curiously enough, it concerns a minister of the gospel, an amateur bookkeeper, and the village blacksmith.

Some little time ago a young farmer living in that locality, with a growing family, and a small holding on which to support them, thought to increase his revenues by evading the law. Secretly he installed a small still, and commenced the manufacture of a bootleg concoction; but early in his operations he was caught, arrested, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to several hundred dollars' fine and to spend a couple of months in jail.

Through his indiscretion, he left a wife and a young family in pitiable condition. Somehow, they just managed to struggle along and eke out a living from the sale of chickens which the father had been raising.

It happened that a young preacher in a neighboring charge, became of the family's predicament, made a call on them. The little wife told him that she was just managing to get along, but what was worrying her most was a field of buckwheat which was now ripe and ready for harvesting. She was afraid the crop would be lost through delay in cutting it, and they needed the grain for winter feed for the chickens.

The preacher walked over and surveyed the standing grain. When he came back, he asked:

"Have you a scythe?"

The woman replied that they did not now own such an instrument, whereat the preacher set off for the nearest neighbor's place, where he borrowed one.

Half an hour later passers-by stopped to rise at a young man in city garb, sans coat and vest and clerical collar, valiantly swinging the hand-reaper on the field of standing grain. Not until the last blade had been laid low did he cease his labors. The next day he returned with a volunteer assistant from his own charge, and the two of them not only garnered the buckwheat crop, but picked and brought in the corn from another field.

No doubt, the following Sunday, when the preacher stood in his pulpit to address his little flock, there were bruises and blisters on the palms of his hands which he did not expose to view, because this preacher was not anxious that the world should know about his grubbing labor in the interests of charity.

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It Takes More Than Clubs and Plus Fours to Make a Golfer.

"Look here, caddie," a serious-looking gentleman said to me once, "I know nothing whatever of this game, so I shall have to rely on your help. I sha'n't forget you, of course—"

For a start, I showed him how to "take a stance"—how to stand properly, you know—and then, illustrating the action with one of his clubs, said: "And you must 'address' your ball like this, sir, or you won't get it away." At that identical moment a mosquito stung me on the neck, and I said something. It slipped out.

"Really?" said the gent, sort of startled. Then he "addressed" his ball, and—an absolute fact, this—said exactly what I had said! The ball went soaring.

"There are times," said a clergyman, "when I—er—feel the handicap of my cloth." That was after he had topped his ball, sliced it, and made a general mess of things. To help him, I made a suggestion.

"Another clergyman, sir, always says 'cahtit,' and feels a lot better."

So he snapped out "Cahtit!" but went back to "Bother!" when I told him that "Cahtit" was short for "Confound and Hang the Infernal Thing!"

Some golfing careers are very short. One stout gent retired for ever after his first stroke! He missed the ball, spun round, fell down, and broke his collar-bone! Another, obeying the rule that all "divots"—dug up bits of turf—must be replaced, put twenty-five back, and then, finding it out then, by the time he had been round there would be another 150 to go, and gave up. Best for him—and the course!

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E. J. POLLARD,

Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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CARRIED WIFE TO BED

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Minesing, Ontario.—"I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed, I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it; sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wanting to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do all I can to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it."—Mrs. Neal Bowser, R.R. 1, Minesing, Ontario.

Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes to women when they are not well? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition. C

"Empire Girdler" Ends Great Feat

Sir Alan Cobham, "Empire girdler," completed his most elaborate air venture recently when he returned to England after flying to Australia and return, a distance of 28,000 miles. This great achievement, for which Cobham was knighted by His Majesty King George, not only establishes Cobham as one of the greatest airmen of the day, but shows the great possibilities of Empire air routes. Cobham regards his flight not as a "stunt" but as an effort to discover the best methods of running air routes and at the same time to demonstrate the practicability of flying.

No aeroplane voyage since the late Captain Sir John Alcock and Lieut. Brown, of the Royal Air Force, flew across the Atlantic in 1919, has aroused public interest equal to that of Cobham's. The route of his flight to Australia and back carried him over France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India and a portion of the Indian Ocean. Cobham's British-made engine made the remarkable journey without ever giving trouble. It is the same engine with which he went from London to Cape Town and back. His machine has withstood the freezing cold of northern latitudes, the burning heat of Africa and the drenching rains of an Indian monsoon. The flight has proved that the seaplane is best for these long journeys. Cobham received a warm welcome at landing points throughout the long journey. The lower photograph was taken at Bartrouville, near Paris, and shows the aviator being greeted by A. V. Clark, managing director of the Canadian Pacific Railway in France.

London gave a tremendous welcome to England's greatest peace-time hero of the air. Great crowds lined the banks of the Thames as Cobham's plane sped towards London, circled Big Ben in the tower of the House of Commons, and glided over the water towards the Riverside steps of the Parliament buildings. Here he was welcomed by his wife; the air minister Sir Samuel Hoare, and air marshal Sir Sefton Branker. A personal message of congratulation awaited Cobham from His Majesty the King. England did not allow her joy at Cobham's return to obliterate the memory of Elliott, the mechanic, who accompanied him on the outward flight and who was killed by a mysterious bullet while the plane was flying over the Arabian desert. Touching tribute to the unfortunate mechanic was made by Cobham during the official welcome.

Cobham's actual flying time to Australia and back was 13 days 8 hours, but over three months were required in making the trip.

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County of Lennox and Addington,

TO WIT :

By virtue of a Warrant under the hand of the WARDEN and the seal of the County of Lennox and Addington bearing date the 29th day of July, A.D., 1926, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the Lands mentioned in the following list for the Arrears of Taxes due thereon and the Costs of Sale as therein set forth, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that unless the said Arrears and Costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said Lands, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the aforesaid Arrears of Taxes and Costs at my office in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee by Public Auction on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of NOVEMBER, A.D., 1926, and the following day if necessary, beginning at the hour of TEN O'CLOCK in the forenoon and in compliance with the "Assessment Act."

W. J. SHANNON,
County Treasurer of Lennox and Addington.

County Treasurer's Office, Court House, Napanee, July 29th, 1926.

Owner or Party Assessed	Lot	Con.	Acres	Years	Arrears	Costs	Total
TOWNSHIP OF DENBIGH							
Caldwell Estate	8	E.R.	100	1922-25	$19.38	$2.74	$22.12
Ruth Snider	4 & 5	5	200	1922-3-4-5	129.36	5.99	135.35
TOWNSHIP OF ABINGER							
Deseronto Land Co.	2	W.R.	100	1923-4-5	25.56	2.89	28.45
S. S. Chuthbom	1, 2, 3	4	200	1923	12.71	3.07	15.78
Hugo Brown	3 & 4	9	200	1923-4-5	87.65	4.70	92.35
John Flake	9 & 10	13	200				
	17	14	100				
	15	15	100	1922-3-4	104.58	5.62	110.20
C. M. Clark	1	15	100	1921 to 5	44.22	3.16	47.38
William Holmes	17 & 18	15	200	1922-3-4-5	77.74	4.45	82.19
TOWNSHIP OF KALADAR							
G. A. MacGillivray	E ½ 6	1	100	1922-3-4-5	20.68	2.77	23.45
Shirley Hanes	12 & 13	2	400	1923-4-5	43.26	3.59	46.85
T. L. Kipp	E ½ 9	5	128½	1923-4-5	21.41	2.79	24.20
Joseph Grey	9	6	70	1922-25	7.46	2.50	9.96
W. J. and Mary Foster	Pt 10	7	8½	1923	3.10	2.50	5.60
Joseph Grey	10	8	188	1922-25	24.90	2.88	27.78
J. H. MacDonald	Pt 27	8	1	1922-25	21.17	2.78	23.95
Marshal Presley	E ½ 26	8					
	E ½ 27	8					
	N W ¼ 26	9	250	1921	54.44	4.12	58.56
George Garry	E ½ 27	9	100	1921-2-3	25.26	2.89	28.15
Noah Kimmerly	E ½ 26	9					
	Pt 25	10	125	1921	39.13	3.48	42.61
William Woodcock	N ½ 10	10					
	S ½ 11	10	100	1922	12.58	2.82	15.40
Electa Thompson	11	11	200	1923-4-5	31.01	3.03	34.04
Deseronto Land Co.	N ½ 2	8	80	1923-4	4.73	2.50	7.23
TOWNSHIP OF ANGLESEA							
Mary Spencer	12	R.A.	100	1922-23	38.81	3.23	42.04
Cole Cummings	22 & 23	R.A.	200	1922-25	50.15	3.76	53.91
Boonie Hawley	26	R.A.	100	1923	4.00	2.50	6.50
Deseronto Land Co.	37	R.A.	100	1923-4-5	15.26	2.64	17.90
George McGarvey	6		100	1922	10.26	2.51	12.77
Excelsior Life	29	8	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49
Walter Burch	Pt 6	10	2	1923-5	2.77	2.50	5.27
Fred Sir a [illegible]	Pt 6	10	2	1923	1.61	2.50	4.11
Sidney Ballard	Pt 5	10	5	1923-25	5.73	2.50	8.23
Excelsior Life	E ½ 32	17	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49
TOWNSHIP OF EFFINGHAM							
F. W. Griffith	Point in Wes-lemoon Lake	16	5	1922-23	173.79	6.60	180.39
William Hartwig	do	16	3¼	1922	50.34	3.51	53.85
TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD							
Charles LaBarge	N ½ 29	1	100				
	S ½ 30	1	100	1922	14.70	2.87	17.57
Charles Clark	E ½ 14	6	100	1923	19.48	2.99	22.47
Ruth P. McKim	Pt of the E. pt of lot 4, Village lot 16, Ballen-trae		¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	4.05	2.50	6.55
J. A. Seybold et al	N ½ 5	14	100	1923-4-5	67.29	3.94	71.23
Fred Hawley	E ½ 9	14					
	E ½ 10	14	200	1922-4-5	21.74	3.05	24.79
Deseronto Land Co.	24	15	198	1923-4-5	18.14	2.71	20.85
VILLAGE OF ERINSVILLE							
S. E. Side Tullow St.	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	1.43	2.50	3.93
E. Side Ottawa St. South	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.07	2.50	4.57
E. Side Ottawa St. South	2	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.67	2.50	5.17
TOWNSHIP OF ERNESTTOWN							
Emma Galloway	Pt 30	1	¾ ac	1922-3-4-5	63.72	3.85	67.57
A. D. VanSlyck	Pt 5	3	5 ac	1922-3-4-5	42.82	3.33	46.15
VILLAGE OF BATH							
House of Providence	Pt lots 7 & 1 south of Queen and west of Church St. (Meacham's Atlas)			1923-4-5	31.14	3.03	34.17
VILLAGE OF NEWBURGH							
Hazard Bristol	Lot 6, Con. 2 corner of North & Brock		1/5 ac	1922-3-4-5	5.94	2.50	8.44

N.B.—The above List of Lands are all Patented.

W. C. LOYST, Warden. W. J. SHANNON, County Treasurer.

The Silence of Margaret

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nobody liked old Mr. Benson, and they particularly disliked his hanging around Margaret. Why shouldn't they, when he was every day of fifty, and Margaret was twenty-four.

Then Margaret was the only one of the family that could rank in Mr. Benson's class, and the family vaguely resented that. They had met at a summer hotel, where Margaret was taking her vacation. Margaret was a librarian; Mr. Benson had a business on Broadway and was rich—rich.

That made them smack their lips. He would be a good provider. They estimated his income at about $12,000 a year. Margaret rose in the family's estimation, although they were jealous of her.

There was mother, Uncle Silas, Brother Jim, Sister Susan, and Tom Wright, who had been courting Margaret two years.

"Oh, Harry, they're so impossible," Margaret said to her fiance. "They're getting harder and harder to live with."

Harry Benson bowed his gray head to her fair one and kissed her.

Tom Wright was the bitterest. He had a clerkship with the North Wax quashet and expected a rise to $40 the following New Year. He had asked Margaret twice. Now he asked her again.

"Tom," said Margaret, fixing him with her steady hazel eyes, "I don't think it's very honorable of you asking me that when you know I'm engaged to Mr. Benson."

"Rather be an old man's darling, eh?" sneered Tom. "All right, Margaret. I guess you'll live to regret it. Free with his money, is he? Take it from me, you're better off now than you're ever likely to be when you've married him."

Margaret did not reply. Her mother took up the tale.

"Of course it's the best thing you could have done, Margaret," she said. "Don't you take any notice of what folks say. A girl has to think of her future."

Margaret said nothing.

Sister Susan said: "Gee, Maggie, you've sure landed a whale of a bean. Wish I had your luck—no, I'm not sure that I do. Love for mine, every time."

Margaret said nothing.

Brother Jim said: "I guess you won't forget some of us folks when you've hooked him, Maggie? I could do with a little money to start me in that little business I've been telling you about."

Margaret said nothing.

Uncle Silas was simply nasty, because he had no chance of getting anything out of old Mr. Benson, and Margaret said nothing to that, either.

They were to be married at the end of Margaret's year at the library and they were to spend their honeymoon in the Bermudas. Silas and Brother Jim were both very nasty about that. They thought it was too superior altogether.

One day Brother Jim came home in a state of wild excitement, a paper in his hand. He looked at Margaret, held himself in, and finally was just about to blurt out something when Uncle Silas entered, also with a newspaper.

"Well, what have you folks got to say about this?" he chuckled. "Some going, Margaret, what? I guess it's the mercy of Providence you didn't marry him before this happened."

"Before what happened?" demanded mother, looking up startled.

"Why, the cuss has gone busted. Bankrupt, that's what's happened to him. It's in the paper," said Uncle Silas. "You seen it, Jim? Bad smash. Won't have a cent left when he's cleared with his creditors, it says."

"Mother threw up her hands. "I always said there was something wrong about that man," she declared spitefully.

Sister Susan said: "That's what comes of preferring money to love. You've had a narrow escape, Margaret, and I hope it will be a lesson to you in future."

Tom Wright burst into the room. "Say, folks, you've heard the news, I guess," he exclaimed. "Whatcha got to say now, Margaret? I guess it's the best thing's happened to you in some time. I warned you what he was, but you wouldn't take any notice of me."

"Well, any way, it's a merciful dispensation," said Uncle Silas. "Say, Margaret, we haven't heard what you've got to say about it. You ain't grieving none, are you?"

"No," answered Margaret. "You see, Harry and I were married yesterday, after he closed his offices, and we're going to leave for our honeymoon at Broad beach tomorrow."

Six Days In the Jungle.

There are jungles and jungles; six days in the Borneo jungle would be too much for almost any man.

It very nearly ended the life of a British ship's apprentice named Ingram, a youth of 21. He left his ship, the Trevethoe, while she was coaling at Sebatik Island, and wandered into the jungle to pick fruit. And, of course, he lost his way.

Animal tracks misled him, mangrove swamps nearly smothered him, ants, mosquitoes, and leeches bit him when he tried to renew his strength by sleep. Of fruit he found none, and he lived for six days and nights on two birds' eggs.

On the sixth day he was lying exhausted in the undergrowth, with all hope abandoned, when a party of Dyaks chanced to come upon him, and carried him to safety.

"Pop" In the U.S.A.

According to a survey made public by the Association of Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, Washington, the consumption of "pop" amounted to 10,002,502,500 half-pint bottles an increase of 2,000,000,000 over last year's total. The drinkers paid $500,000,000 to 250,000 retail "pop" sellers during the year.

The Scarecrow

By RALPH HAMILTON

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

It seemed to Miss Mary Burton that she had reached the very height of earthly felicity when she became the sole owner of a home of her own. For fifteen years she had taught school, carefully saved her money and now at thirty-five with a [illegible] up annuity policy bringing her forty dollars a month she had settled down amid beauty and comfort.

The house was very pleasantly arranged and there was a two-acre garden. This latter had been neglected and Miss Burton had great ideas of improving it as she accumulated the money to do so. An orphan niece, Myra Davis, had come to live with her, bringing the furnishings of two rooms, inherited from her mother. The arrangement was that Myra should assist about the house, and if they could get a little fancy work to do they would join in this feature of increasing their income.

"The first thing we must do is to get that old chicken yard in order," said Myra. "It will take about fifty yards of poultry netting to patch up the old fence and a new gate must be made for it. There's laying boxes to get for the chickens, too, and the inside shed ought to be whitewashed. You'll leave all that to me, won't you, Auntie?"

Miss Burton was fully agreeable to this arrangement. Her own hobby about the place was a cherry tree that occupied the center of the garden. "It bore for the first time last year," a neighbors tell me," she said to Myra. "There was only a little fruit then, but this will be a good year for it. All my life I've longed to be able to put up fruit raised by my own hands."

So Miss Burton sprayed the tree and watched the buds grow into little green globes and cleaned and polished some old fruit jars and made great preparations for the harvesting of her treasures.

Meantime Myra lived in a sort of elysium of delight. Her forte was making things spick and span and keeping them so. She was trying to straighten, stretch and attach a roll of poultry wire to posts one afternoon when a young man of about twenty-two came along. He was rolling a lawn mower and had a small canvas bag, evidently containing tools.

"Just let me save you time and trouble, young lady," he spoke briskly. "You've got too pretty fingers to scratch and mush up with such rough work. Using nails? Oh, that won't do! Here's what you need for tacking and holding wire," and he took from his kit a box containing u-shaped brads.

Myra liked his face and manner—anybody would, for he was all smiles and good nature. He looked as if he would feel hurt if she declined his help, but she said, "We are doing most of the work around here, Aunty and myself. We haven't got much money."

"Oh, that won't be work for me," declared the young man. "I've got a little leisure. Now then, you take this awl and hold the wire true while I nail. That's it. Famous! Just getting ready to make a farm of the place, eh? I'm picking up a sort of temporary living staying here for a week or two. I know something about garden work and if you don't mind I'll drop around once in a while and give you some points."

"Oh, if you would!" exclaimed Myra, and in her ingenuous way told of Miss Burton's agricultural ambitions. It led to her interested visitor telling of her something about himself. His was a curious story. He gave her his name as Archie Lull, and related that he had come from another state where he had been in charge of a grain elevator for a wealthy relative. One day a maudlin produce buyer had quarreled with his wife in the elevator office and had struck her. All the manhood of Lull resented the brutality. He had given the man the trouncing of his life. The latter was influential and threatened to prosecute Lull to the limit.

"It was cowardly to run away," confessed Lull, "but I was tired of the monotonous job anyway, so I've sort of made myself scarce."

He was a tireless worker, well informed, agreeable and accommodating and he made many new friends. He won the heartiest appreciation of Miss Burton by putting up a scarecrow to keep away the robins and blackbirds from her precious cherries and currants.

In making the scarecrow Lull had used "an old coat of no value," he declared, "too long to wear on the street—just used it inside the elevator office." It was conspicuous and did its work well. One day a man motoring by halted and came up to the fence.

"Young lady," he spoke to Myra, "excuse me, but that coat on your scarecrow strikes me as familiar. Would you tell me something of its owner?" and then, as Lull appeared, he extended his hand with heartiness and the words: "Lucky I've found you. There's a lot to tell you."

What the attorney told Archie Lull was that his relative, dying, had left him one of the heirs to a considerable amount. Miss Burton looked disappointed and Myra sad at losing the companionship of their cheery, helpful friend.

"But I'm coming back," declared Archie, and he did. It was to court the winsome Myra and with her later settle down on Miss Burton's miniature farm as the dearest spot on earth.

The Mad Empress.

Although she was erroneously reported as dead a year or so ago, the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico is still alive and only recently celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday. Although feeble the ex-Empress is said to remain very proud and imagines she is still empress. She is called "the mad empress." Because of her condition no mirrors are allowed in her house as she imagines herself still beautiful. She went insane when she saw her husband, Maxmillian, executed.

$5000 CASH PRIZES!

Can You Find the Twins?

No, they are not all twins! Two and only two are identical, and are the twins you are asked to find. Can you? To be sure, the 18 pictures all look alike; but look closer. How about their hats? There are other differences, too. Read the clues. Only two girls are exact duplicates. They are Twins—can you find them?

----CLUES----

At first glance all of the pictures look alike. But upon examination you will see that almost every one differs in some way from all the others. In some the difference may be in the licht or dark band on the brim of the hat or in the brimming on the hat or the collar. Or, some may wear necklaces, or ear-rings, or both. Only two are exactly alike. No, it's not as easy as it looks. You must search carefully.

Just look closely—make sure that you have the twins, then send in your answer. Somebody who finds the right twins is going to win a big prize. Make that "somebody" be YOU.

First Prize $2,000.00

MAXIMUM AWARD

This is one of the greatest array of Cash Prizes that has ever been offered in a Mail and Empire Puzzle Contest. That's what it is, folks—and you can be a winner. The prizes range from $2 to $50 and from $50 to $2,000. All prizes will be awarded in time to reach the winners by Christmas Day.

Think of it! You can win as much as $2,000. Yes, sir, $5,000 in cash prizes may be won in this interesting puzzle contest, and will be awarded promptly after December 11th. There will be 50 winners and the First Prize, the golden opportunity, $2,000 IN CASH. Won't that be a wonderful Christmas Gift? In the event of ties for any prize, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

1,000 points wins First Prize. We will give you 950 points for finding the Twins. Immediately upon receipt of your correct answer, we will send you particulars of a word-building contest, in which, if successful, you earn the final 50 points required to win a $2,000.00 First Prize or one of the 49 other Cash Prizes.

MAIL YOUR ANSWER TO-DAY

Now, find the Twins. Write the numbers in the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and mail it to the Puzzle Manager. Get started for the Big First Prize.

Puzzle Mgr., Room 207, THE MAIL AND EMPIRE, Toronto, Canada

50 CASH PRIZES

Listed below are the maximum prizes you can win.

1st Prize	$2,000
2nd Prize	$1,000
3rd Prize	$700
4th Prize	$200
5th Prize	$200
6th Prize	$100
7th Prize	$100
8th Prize	$100
9th Prize	$100
10th Prize	$100
11th to 50th Prizes, inclusive	$10

TWIN PUZZLE COUPON

Puzzle Manager, Room 207
THE MAIL & EMPIRE, Toronto, Canada.

Numbers ..... and ..... are the twins that I have found. If these are correct please give me the 950 points and tell me how to gain the final 50 points to win First Prize.

Name .....

Postoffice ..... Province .....

Street or R.P.D. No. .....

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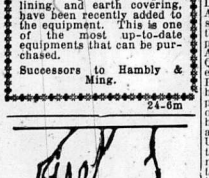

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Zino-pads

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The Haines Shoe Houses

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The Great English Preparation.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.
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Liberal committee rooms have been opened in the I.O.O.F. block.

Prohibition Convention, Rapanee Armouries, Wednesday, Nov. 10th, at 7.30 p.m.

Messrs. Herbert Asselstine and M. Hyatt have purchased the Campbell House from Mr. Wellman.

The Armistice Day Tea, which was to have been given by the I. O. D. E., has been indefinitely postponed. 50-a

The annual W. C. T. U. rummage sale will be held next Friday and Saturday, 12th and 13th, in the Town Hall.

Dancing and Cards in New Foresters Hall, over Kelly's grocery store, on Wednesday, Nov. 10th and 17th. 50-a

The Thanksgiving offering at Selby United Church, on Sunday, October 31st, amounted to the handsome sum of $505.00.

Messrs. McKelvy & Birch, Kingston, are installing a new heating system for Mr. Hugh Fitzpatrick in the Paisley House.

Isaac Taylor, one of the prominent and well known farmers of Richmond township, died on Tuesday in Kingston General Hospital.

The senior rugby team of the Collegiate Institute, accompanied by a number of supporters, staged an exhibition game in Deseronto on Thursday afternoon, their opponents being the Deseronto High School team. The Napanee boys were too strong for their opponents, winning out by the decisive score of 11-3.

Two cars, one belonging to Mr. Christie Thompson and the other to H. Paul, Newburgh, were in a mix up on the corner of Dundas and West streets on Sunday evening. The Thompson car attempted to turn on the corner and ran into the Paul car, which was following. The Paul car was turned completely over and badly wrecked, all fenders being crushed and the top and windshield wrecked. The Thompson car got off with a bent fender and a front wheel wrenched off.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Kingston Rotary Club on Friday, it was decided to co-operate fully in connection with the inaugural meeting of the Napanee Rotary Club, which is to be held on Nov. 23. Rotary Clubs of Brockville, Belleville, Trenton and Smith's Falls are to be asked to attend and Past District Governor Bill Cairns will be invited also. Mr. George Gibbard is chairman of the committee in Napanee that organized the club with the assistance of the executive of the Kingston Club.

About fifty graduates and friends of Queen's University gathered in the banquet hall of the Campbell House on Tuesday evening of last week, to partake of a delightful banquet arranged for by the Alumnae Association of Queen's University. After the banuet, the chairman, Mr. E. J. Corkill, public school inspector, recalled some of his memories of Queen's University. He then called on Rev. A. J. Wilson, who gave a toast to the "Sister Universities," which was replied to by Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, who spoke in behalf of Trinity University; Mr. U. M. Wilson, K.C., in behalf of Toronto University, and Mr. Jas. Laughland in behalf of Ontario Agricultural Icollege. Interesting slides of Queen's University of the past and present in all the phases of university life were Agricultural College. Interesting Queen's University, was then called upon and spoke in place of Dr. Bruce Taylor, who was unable to be present. Prof. Matheson compared the advances in the growth of the university, the student body and the staff of a quarter of a century ago and today. Queen's University is enlarging its field through summer school and extra mural work, thereby benefiting thousands not only in our district, but from one end of Canada to the other. Prof. Matheson then called upon Mr. Salford, who outlined the work in connection with the endowment Fund. After a stirring Queen's yell was given the meeting adjourned and all present voiced the popular opinion that the meeting was of very great benefit.

BIRTHS

Hearns—At Napanee, on Saturday, Oct. 9th, 1926, to Mr and Mrs. Sidney Hearns a daughter—Phyllis Gwendolyn.

Kinch—At Brantford General Hospital, on Friday, Nov. 5th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kinch (nee Laura McLeod) the gift of a daughter—Marion Rosalynd Guineverve.

Plumley—At Napanee, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Plumley, a son.

DEATHS

Amey—At Ernestown, on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, 1926, Dorothy Jane Amey, aged 4 years, 7 months, 2 days.

Bovie—At Napanee, on Sunday, Nov. 7th, 1926, Raymond Bovie, aged 6 years, 1 month.

Eaton—At South Fredericksburgh, on Friday, Nov. 5th, 1926, Ursula Eaton, aged 83 years, 10 months.

Gait—At North Fredericksburgh, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 1926 Alexander Gait, aged 68 years.

Parks—At Napanee, on Saturday, Nov. 6th, 1926, Sarah Jane Parks, aged 80 years.

Taylor—At Kingston General Hospital, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 1926, Isaac Taylor, of Richmond Township, aged 68 years.

Wells—At North Fredericksburgh, on Monday, Nov. 8th, 1926, Mrs. Emma Wells, aged 75 years, 6 months.

VANLUVEN—CALL 92.
Good clean Pea Coal, extra large, $12.50.

PERSONALS

Mr. Laurie Douglas was home from Toronto for the holiday.

Miss Roberts, of the Collegiate staff, spent the week-end in Kingston.

Miss Blanche Hawley spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Riches, Lindsay.

Miss Muriel Shannon was home from Toronto for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. J. R. Dafoe is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Coleen Stewart, Toronto.

Miss White, of the Collegiate staff, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Lindsay.

Miss J. Ham is visiting Miss Neilson at Tarry Hall.

Mrs. W. K. Pruyn has returned from spending the summer in Western Canada.

Mrs. Willis Campbell, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. J. G. Daly.

Messrs. George and Jim Daly were home from Toronto to spend Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Gravenhurst, are guests of Mr and Mrs. W. T. MacKenzie.

Mrs. G. E. Hall, Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Herrington, Kingston, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Herrington.

Mrs. A. W. Benjamin spent last week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. B. S. Connolly, Montreal.

Miss Celestine Daly was home from Havergill College, Toronto, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. F. LaSalle spent Thanksgiving with friends in Toronto and Newmarket.

Mr. and Mrs. Truscott, West Hunlingdon, Que., spent last week the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills.

Mr. W. S. Exley is on a hunting trip in the north country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Sine and daughters, Shannonville, spent the week-end with friends in Napanee.

Miss Katherine Terrill, Pontypool, spent the past week the guest of Mrs. T. Symington.

Miss Myrtle Stevens, Toronto, spent Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. R. C. Root.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Loucks and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lowry spent Thanksgiving in Galt with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Eyvel.

Messrs. Reginald and Albert Dawson, Odessa, are spending a few days in Toronto and St. Catherines.

Mr. Victor Cowling and daughter, Dorothy, are in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Roe and Misses Bert and Olive McMillan spent Thanksgiving with friends in Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens spent Thanksgiving with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Martin returned on Saturday from Kingston General Hospital.

Rev. A. H. Foster, Madoc, spent a day last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loyst.

Miss Mildred Brown was home to spend Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Hamilton and Mrs. J. G. Oliver motored to Brockville on Saturday and spent over the holiday with friends there.

Mrs. J. H. Scott, New York, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cliff.

Mrs. Edward Vine left last week for Picton, where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Skillen.

Messrs. A. F. Hansuld, C. Dale, Wm. Schell and Wm. Fretts are on a hunting trip to the north country.

Mr. Bogert Wilson, Oba, Ont., is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. W. G. Wilson.

Mr. Reg. Wiseman was home from Syracuse, N.Y., for Thanksgiving week.

Miss May Cassidy and Mrs. V. Kouber are visiting Miss Marguerite Kouber at Watertown and friends at Brownville, N.Y.

Mr. B. F. Hawley is spending a couple of weeks in the north country on a hunting trip.

Mr. Douglas and Miss Marjorie Dollier spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr and Mrs. W. J. Doller.

Mrs. A. T. Harshaw and daughter left on Wednesday to spend the winter in Toronto.

Mrs. W. R. Purdy, Dearborn, Mich., is visiting friends and relatives at Morven.

Miss Muriel Paul and nephew, Lloyd Telfer, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Robert Holland, of Toronto, motored down Saturday and spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul, Elm Lodge.

St. Mary Magdalene's Church will celebrate the 50th anniversary of its opening for Divine worship on Sunday, Nov. 28th. The Rev. H. H. Bedford Jones, D. D., son of a former rector, will be the preacher for the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Card, Palace Road, and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Card, of Napanee, returned on Sunday from a two weeks motor trip to the States, where they have been visiting friends and relatives at Watertown, Rodman, Dexter and Oswego.

1926 Christmas Seals

The 1926 Christmas Seals, in aid of the Muskoka and Toronto Hospitals for Consumptives, have just been issued. These handsome seals, of different designs, are put up in assorted packets of 10, 25, 50 and 100.

The National Sanitarium Association is in need of funds to carry on the work of its hospitals in Muskoka and at Weston. Every dollar received through the sale of Christmas Seals is used for maintenance of patients there.

Why not buy these seals in lieu of others? Not only will you get good value in return, but your money will be made to serve a greater end, for it will go to help someone in distress.

Look for the double-barred Red Cross on every packet. None others are genuine.

For sale by school children and banks, or direct from Xmas Seal Department, Gage Institute, Toronto 2, Ontario.

ROBINSON'S MONTH IN NAPANEE IS IN FULL SWING!

Celebrating Thirty-Nine Years of Faithful Service

An excellent Program of Startling Values, conspicuously priced, has been arranged for every day of the month

Winter is fast on the way. Robinson's is a huge storehouse of winter supplies. November is the month when most families choose their winter supplies. Robinson's winter stocks are ready. Thousands of dollars' worth of dependable merchandise is at your disposal at prices which register decisive and generous savings to every purchaser.

Read the splendid line-up of values listed below. Watch our weekly advertisements for additional values. We invite your inspection.

Three Great Special Values
Procurable only Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Nov. 11-12-13

SPECIAL No. 1

REGULAR $1.25, PIECES IN GLASS AND CHINA ON SALE FOR 50 CENTS EACH

One table full of odd pieces in fancy china and fancy glass, including Johnson's Clover Leaf covered butters, creams, sugars, butter patties, gravy and boat, priced up to $1.25. Fancy glazed china cups and saucers, regular 75c. each. Colored glassware, imported direct from Czecho-Slovakia. These are wonderfully attractive and make great gifts.
Priced for three days only—50 cents a piece.

SPECIAL No. 2

CIRCULAR PILLOW TUBING—ON SALE AT 33 CENTS YARD

This is a most serviceable pillow tubing for this price and a quality that will give excellent service for daily household use. It comes in 40, 42 and 44 inches wide. On sale in our Staple Department.

SPECIAL No. 3

25 EXCLUSIVE DRESS HATS—CLEARING $5.95 EACH, REGULAR TO $10.00 VALUES

From this group you can choose smart hats, possessing all the newest style trends of the coming winter millinery season. Many of these numbers were created by nimble fingers in our own work rooms. Others are pattern hats from the big city style creators. Style and workmanship stand out conspicuously. All the attractive new winter shades are obtainable.

Three Great Special Values
Procurable only Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Nov. 15-16-17

SPECIAL No. 1

MEN'S EXTRA WARM, ALL WOOL RIBBED UNDERWEAR, "THERMO BRAND" REGULAR $1.75 VALUE, ON SALE AT $1.38 GARMENT, OR $2.75 PER SUIT

Every garment is labelled 100 per cent pure wool. The quality is very special. Choose and Save.

SPECIAL No. 2

ONE HUNDRED SILKEN AFTERNOON DRESSES AT SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF TWENTY PER CENT

This sterling reduction takes in every regularly priced silk dress that we own. Displayed are over 100 smart, newly created dresses representing the newest silhouettes, the newest materials and the newest colorings. Featured are dresses for all your formal and informal winter festivities.

Remember these gowns are made by Canada's foremost dress experts. They were specially purchased by us originally under our "group-buying plan." Each and every dress is an outstanding special. Choose from Satin Crepes, Sinbad Crepes, Canton Crepes, Flat Crepes, Georgette Crepes and Crepe Romains, in all the rich, luxurious winter shades. Women's and Misses' sizes.

SPECIAL No. 3

WOMEN'S WOOL COMBINATIONS—REGULAR $4.50 TO $5.50 A SUIT. ON SALE $3.50 A SUIT

21 only suits of "Harvey" and "Zenith" wool combinations. These come styled with V neck, long sleeves and ankle length. Women who prefer this type of underwear should choose from this sale, as these garments are from the best mills in Canada.

Three Great Specials
Procurable only Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Nov. 18-19-20

SPECIAL No. 1

48 MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S $20.00 TO $25.00 SUITS, ON SALE AT $16.95

New Models in mixtures of Grey, Green, Fawn, Brown, etc. Single and double breasted, two and three button, splendidly tailored from guaranteed materials. Sizes for the large men as well as for the smaller men.
On sale for three days only. Priced at $16.95 each.

SPECIAL No. 2

REGULAR $2.25 TO $3.75 COATINGS YOUR CHOICE AT $1.50 PR YARD

This is a splendid opportunity and it's coming your way. A real opportunity to save real money on heavy winter coatings. Each piece is real value in the fullest sense of the word. Plain blanket velour, plaid back velour and Irish frieze are some of the materials obtainable. Brown, Saxe, Red and mixed effects are prominent shades.
For three days only, $1.50 per yard.

SPECIAL No. 3

THREE DAY SALE OF BRUSSEL RUGS. DISCOUNT OF 12½ PER CENT

All rugs of Brussel weave that we have in stock will be obtainable at this special discount. These come in attractive patterns and in standard "Barrymore" qualities. All sizes are procurable. This special enables you to effect a genuine saving. Note these sizes and prices.

1 only 4 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in., at $13.75.
4 only 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., at $25.00.
1 only 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., at $30.00.
2 only 6 ft. 9 in x 10 ft. 6 in., at $33.50
1 only 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., at $35.00.
1 only 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., at $45.00.
2 only 9 ft. x 12 ft., at $48.00.
1 only 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft., at $61.50.

All prices less 12½ per cent. for three days only.

BEAUTIFUL FUR COATS THAT ARE THE ZENITH OF COMFORT

STYLES FOR WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WEAR

Authentic styles—effective trimmings—dependable qualities are features that women must consider when buying fur coats. Our present assemblage, selected from Canada's foremost manufacturers, splendidly combine all of these essential requirements.

Each and every coat carries our label, it is your guarantee of a sound and safe investment whether you know furs, or whether you do not.

Our November showing gives a wide field for individual preference. Displayed are master models in plain and trimmed Hudson Seal, plain and trimmed Electric Seal, plain and trimmed Persian Lamb, plain and fancy Muskrat.

Tomboy effects in Coon and trimmed Caracal.

Let us quote you prices.

ROBINSON' GUARANTEED FUR COATS FOR MEN

Soon cold wintry winds will be blowing. Men of affairs must be about their business. You'll enjoy and really be comfortable if clad in one of our warm "Near Beaver" Fur Coats. They are coats of good appearance, as well as coats of great durability. The skins employed have been smoothly sheared and scientifically treated. They are built on large, roomy lines, with width in the shoulders, and ease in the armscye.

Heavy quilted linings add to their warm and general appearance. Collars are generously proportioned.

Wool wristlets are standard equipment. Every point of strain is strongly re-inforced.

Can be had in medium brown and dark brown colorings.

All sizes now in stock. **Priced $47.50 each.**

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.